The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Roosevelt's Clash With the Tammany Tiger

NEW TEETH FOR BITING THE TAMMANY TIGER are sharpened and set in place by the Republican-controlled New York State Legislature, despite the thunderous roars of the intended victim.

Now the country is wondering what the effect will be upon the political fortunes of the man who made this possible, big-chested, gray-eyed Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is recognized as an outstanding aspirant for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Will the Tiger turn on him for calling the Legislature into special session, to increase the powers of the investigating committee which is torturing Tammany by dogging old and fresh trails in the New York City political jungle? If so, what are his chances of winning the nomination, and, if nominated, the election?

True, Roosevelt has clashed with Tammany Hall, but how serious is that clash? Is it a definite break? Political observers disagree. Those closest to the arena seem to think that it is not—at least, not yet. But they say that the breach is slowly widening.

All seem to agree that a Roosevelt-Tammany split would boom the Governor's Presidential stock in other parts of the country — particularly in the Tammany-hating South and West—but would leave him badly handicapped in his own great pivotal State, where the Tiger has its lair.

"—and the Scowl on the Face of the Tiger"
—Cowan in the Boston "Transcript."

Paradoxically, the new teeth provided by the Legislature, while strong and sharp enough to slash the Tiger's hide, are specifically designed to protect Tammanyites from whom information is desired. They are immunity bills, guaranteeing a witness freedom from prosecution for any misdeed he reveals. Not, apparently, that there is any great interest in protecting any Tammanyite. But these bills—now law—make it impossible for a witness to balk the committee by refusing to answer a question on the ground that it might incriminate him.

How these bills came to be passed in a furious special session after a metropolitan horse-doctor had challenged the power of the committee, when it sought to learn who had shared his enormous fees for obtaining building permits, is an episode which has attracted attention throughout the country.

All this turmoil, the papers tell us, grew out of the case of Dr. William F. Doyle, an elderly veterinary once connected with the city fire department, who later had such phenomenal success in pleading building-permit cases before the Board of Standards and Appeals that his fees are said to have amounted to $2,000,000.

The Hofstadter committee attempted to make him tell with whom he split these fees. But he balked. His refusal was on the ground that his answers might tend to incriminate him. Adjudged in contempt, he was sentenced to jail for thirty days. This sentence was upheld by the Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal in the State, which said that Dr. Doyle must answer the question whether he had bribed any public official, or stay in jail. Later he did answer, in the negative.

But the Court also gave the committee a jolt, holding that it lacked the power to grant immunity to witnesses appearing before it without specific authorization of the Legislature. To obtain this power, Samuel Seabury, counsel to the committee, immediately wrote the Governor to ask that a special session be called.

"I have no doubt, from such investigations as have already been made," he said, "that corruption in the government of the City of New York is wide-spread," and "in the performance of its task the committee has been met with every obstruction which it has been possible for the beneficiaries of this vicious system to throw in the way."

This letter was written on the same day that Mr. Seabury clashed with the pink-faced, blue-eyed, white-haired master of the Tiger, John F. Curry, strong-jawed leader of Tammany Hall.

To the witness chair came the chieftain, to be quizzed as to why he had interested himself in the Doyle case by arranging with a Supreme Court Justice to hear Dr. Doyle's plea for a stay of the contempt sentence, thereby stealing a march on Mr. Seabury.

Excitement surged high at the Seabury-Curry set-to. The committee counsel was incensed, we read, by what he considered Tammany's "meddling." Mr. Curry, on his side, let fly some strong statements.

He had no particular interest in Dr. Doyle, the Tammany

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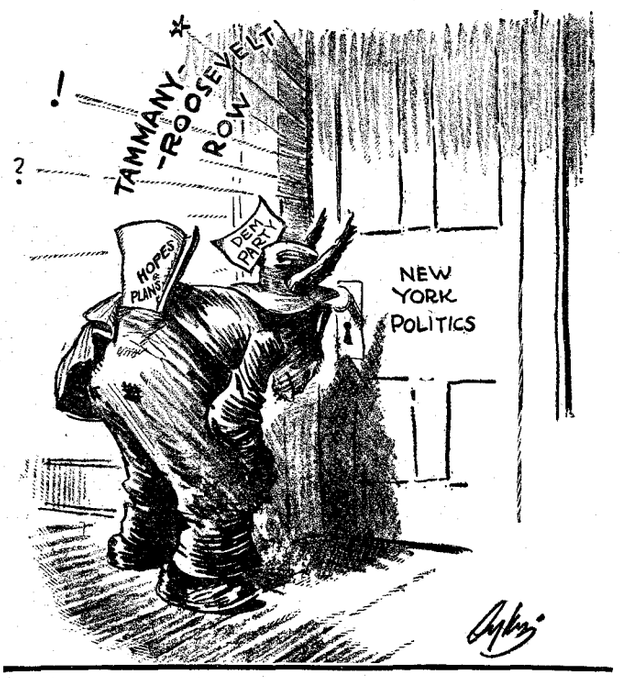
leader averred, but "I am interested in any Democrat in the great City of New York." Also-

"I, as the representative of the Democratic organization of the City of New York, was expecting some one to test the constitutionality of the committee's powers to grant immunity, and therefore, when the request came for my aid, I was glad to be of service."

And again, under the sting of Mr. Seabury's questioning:

"I would step on the gas wherever it would be of help to the Democratic party of this city."

But if Tammany really hoped to induce the Governor to squelch the demand for a special session of the Legislature, thus leaving the committee without immunity powers, it was quickly disillusioned. The Governor, almost at once, complied with the committee's request, saying that it was his "clear duty" not to hinder the carrying out of the investigation.



Just How Serious Is It?
—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

This action is hailed by some observers as a break with Tammany, but others insist it does not constitute a definite rift.

As the thumbscrews began to tighten, Tammany launched a counter-move, a "backfire" as it is called by unfriendly papers. This took the form of a letter to the Governor from Senator John J. Dunnigan, Senate floor leader, asking that if the Hofstadter committee was to be endowed with power to grant immunity, the same power be granted to the Democratic State Controller. This would have opened the way for an investigation of Republican cities up-State, where, Senator Dunnigan charges, many cases of municipal corruption have come to light.

But once again Tammany hopes were thwarted. Governor Roosevelt, Democrat, in his message to the Republican-controlled Legislature, declared that the question of granting immunity powers to the Hofstadter committee "must not be confused or entangled with other legislation." Later, however, he did open the door for bills providing for up-State probes.

Scorching statements by Senator Dunnigan, who also is a member of the Hofstadter committee, featured the opening session of the Legislature. The immunity bills he denounced, we read, with a series of adjectives—"unfair, unjust, inhuman, despotic, high-handed, and unnecessary." Then:

"The Hofstadter committee has made of itself a most undignified and un-American spectacle. It was conceived in partizanship, and dedicated to the proposition that if a man holds public office in New York City, he is presumed to be guilty until he has proved himself to be innocent.

"Instead of conducting itself as a dignified judicial fact-finding body with a helpful constructive purpose, the Hofstadter committee has degenerated into a glorified publicity bureau of scandal-mongers."

And he concluded with a statement which, some observers seem to think, was aimed at the Governor:

"But let me add this word of warning: The people, the honest, law-abiding people, not only of New York City but of the State as a whole, are watching this so-called investigation, and, make no mistake, they are going to judge it on the basis of results, not on the basis of gossip or rumors or hair-raising disclosures that will always be 'just around the corner.'

"And, mark my words, just as our sturdy forefathers administered a rebuke to George III and his Hessian soldiers, just so you will see that those who have tried to probe into affairs that didn't concern them—with the sole purpose of making political capital—will receive a lesson that will not soon be forgotten."

With the fireworks over, the Legislature relaxed. Rules were suspended and, in mists of tobacco smoke, the bills were put through by the Republican majority. Governor Roosevelt promptly signed them, and as promptly sent another message to the Legislature, inviting consideration of Tammany's demand for up-State probes.

How will this episode affect Governor Roosevelt's chances for the Democratic Presidential nomination? If he is nominated, how will it affect his chances for election? Editors all over the country are speculating about it, and a variety of opinion results.

While in outside States there seems to be a disposition to consider Governor Roosevelt's action as a clean-cut split with Tammany, commentators in his own State are not sure.

Again, while some papers complain with the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) that the Governor "showed no tendency toward incandescence—no denouncing of the scoundrels, no appeal to civic spirit, no call to boots and saddles," but "is showing again that timidity of which the New York *World* accused him on various occasions," a larger number of papers agree with the Springfield *Union* (Rep.) that—

"Governor Roosevelt has greatly increased his stature as a statesman by facing a duty of honor and performing it. . . .

"By his defiance of Tammany opposition he has become less exclusively a New York candidate and more a candidate with a national appeal."

Many Southern papers cheer the Governor. Lauding his "fine courage," the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) declares that "the American people will back the fearless statesman who fights corruption wherever he sees it."

Governor Roosevelt's calling of the extra session means, says the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* (Ind.), "that the New York Democracy will turn against him in the national convention and that the South will swarm to his support"—

"It makes him the South's candidate as against Tammany."

"This new move raises the political stature of Franklin D. Roosevelt," agrees the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.), and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.) and the Louisville *Herald-Post* (Ind.) likewise view his action as a downright break.

However, Tammany opposition is not necessarily fatal to a Presidential aspirant, as the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) points out:

"No sooner did the country grasp the situation than Mr. Roosevelt's prestige visibly grew outside Manhattan Island. If he stands firm, he will find himself, as to Tammany, in the position of Cleveland and Wilson. Yet both of them, as he undoubtedly recalls, were twice elected to the Presidency."

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Bitter Lesson of the British Dole

ABOUT THE DOLE will rage the great battle of the British budget, in the opinion of a large number of American dailies, which point out "the bitter lesson" of the "work or maintenance" policy of the radical Labor party.

The dole—or "unemployment insurance," as the British Laborites prefer to call it—has been, in the opinion of most American newspapers, the prime factor in bringing Great Britain to her knees, crying out for financial aid from overseas, and calling "all hands to the pumps."

When Wall Street jumped to the aid of John Bull to the tune of $200,000,000 and Paris extended credits for a similar amount, in addition to the $250,000,000 loan already arranged by our Federal Reserve Bank, the London *Daily Herald*, semiofficial voice of the dissolved Labor Government, made the accusation that these credits could not be mobilized until assurance was given that the British dole would be cut drastically. In the last fiscal year, dispatches announce, the dole had cost the British more than $400,000,000.

It is "dictatorship by foreign bankers," cries *The Daily Herald* angrily, accusing the controllers of the money market with holding a pistol at the head of the Labor Government, until in the emergency of saving the pound sterling, that government fell.

While this accusation incenses our American press, it is most indignant because English Laborites refuse to learn the bitter lesson of the dole. The New York *Herald Tribune* ironically remarks:

"A personal devil is a great convenience for hard-prest humans.

"It offers at once an explanation and an excuse for failure.

"Hence, the assertions of the London *Daily Herald* that the Federal Reserve Bank 'dictated' terms to the British Government are explicable, all the circumstances considered.

"What was the underlying cause which made the London *Herald* see red and damn both American bankers for their effrontery and the British Government for its supineness?

"Nothing less than the fundamental economics of man's lot on this planet; the fact that, despite the complexities of civilized life which conceal the truth behind a maze of specialists and middlemen and the high-sounding phrases of capital and finance, man is still, as he was thousands of years ago, only a few jumps ahead of starvation; that year after year only what he sows can he reap. . . .

"It is an excellent object lesson for the whole world, as it is sound truth for British consumption, to have a great, rich and, only recently, highly prosperous nation thus brought up in its socialistic tracks by the cruel need of earning a living before it can spend it."

IN virtual agreement with this point of view we find the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the Providence *Journal*, the Portland *Oregonian*, and a consensus of the more conservative dailies. The Chicago *Tribune* dubs the Wall Street loan, sanctioned of course by the President, as "the biggest election bet ever made":

"We are betting, in fact, a third or a half of a billion dollars on the turn of British politics, on the outcome of one of the most serious political crises in British history.

"Our confidence in British conservatism and self-control, as well as our normal optimism, will resist our fears, but we ought not to permit them to blind us to conditions obviously alarming the British themselves.

"They are not, as we have said, conditions which have sprung up overnight and will pass in another.

"The financial predicament, which threatens immediate consequences to the pound and hence to British credit throughout the world, may be escaped, but the underlying political, social, and economic conditions from which it has arisen are of long standing, and can not be corrected or much alleviated save by drastic changes in British policies, social habits and industrial and commercial organization and method.

"Even the accomplishment of a drastic reduction in public expenditures and exhausting taxation will not affirmatively assist these changes, tho it may open the way for them.

"But the accomplishment or even the present attempt to meet the financial catastrophe impending has aroused and strengthened radical political forces which will endanger British responsibility for a long time, if they do not soon destroy it."

IN a comparative minority among American dailies, the Washington *News*, spokesman for the Scripps-Howard group, feels that Great Britain's attempt to make a drastic cut in the "unemployment insurance," and in the salaries of civil servants, may produce an even more disastrous crisis:

"If a large part of the $600,000,000 government savings is taken away from the laboring and lower professional classes,

You Have Some Good Ideas, Mr. Gandhi
—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

will not that amount in turn be withdrawn from business circulation?

"Virtually all of the admittedly low incomes of the insurance beneficiaries, the government teachers, doctors and others to be reduced, has been paid back weekly into the channels of trade.

"When that source of trade is stopt, will it not ruin more merchants, close more factories, and cause more unemployment?

"Will it not add to the overconcentration of wealth—and consequent underpurchasing power of the masses—which is already a basic cause of depression in Great Britain as in the United States?

"One interesting side-light is that the British Laborites, while demanding that the budget deficit be made up out of increased taxes on the rich, and by naval cuts instead of being taken out of the workers, apparently have not yet struck at the high cost of royalty.

"London newspapers which carried panic head-lines about the financial crisis and necessity of more sacrifices by the poor, reported in adjoining columns that the Prince of Wales had taken another foreign château, and listed his expensive pleasure trappings."

THE Baltimore *Sun* finds in the new French and American loans to Great Britain "at once a mark of confidence in the new British régime and a fresh indication of the interdependence of nations in this modern era." In addition:

"This financial judgment as to the intimate relationship between the great nations of the world stands out in sharp conflict with the pretension to which many of our politicians still cling that we have no concern with the fiscal problems of other nations.

"It negatives the whole theory on which our insistence on collecting our foreign debts rests, and it strikes at the very foundation of the protective theory on which our successive tariff structures have been based."

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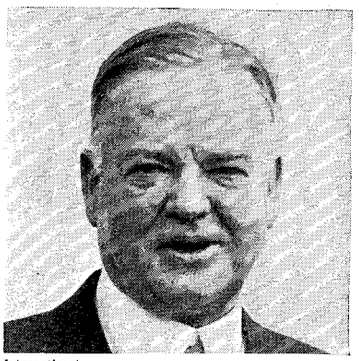
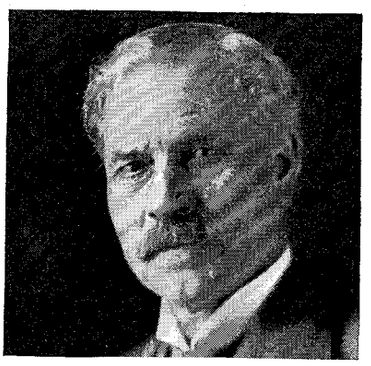


International

President Hoover

Who stirred the world in June by calling for a one-year moratorium on war debts and reparations.



Ramsay MacDonald

Who loses his Labor Party leadership by heading a "National" Government to meet Britain's financial crisis.

Underwood

Heinrich Bruening

Chancellor of the German Reich, who successfully piloted his country through a depressing summer.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray

Oklahoma's Governor, who uses the militia to keep oil prices up.

International

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The New York Governor's clash with Tammany intrigues the politically minded.

Underwood

George W. Wickersham

Head of the Commission which has been deluging us with reports on crime.

Wide World

Frank Hawks

Who has kept on with his specialty—breaking all the speed records for airplane journeys from one city to another.

Van Damm Studio

Katharine Cornell

As "Elizabeth Barrett" in the drama of the poetic Brownings' love, which has been running in New York since Feb. 9.

Wide World

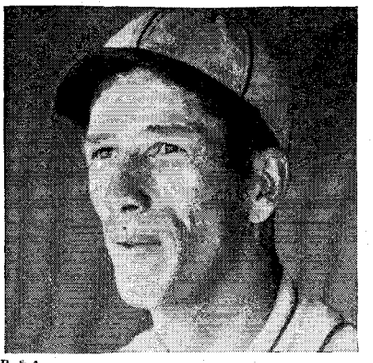
Charles A. Lindbergh

Who flew with Mrs. Lindbergh across America's northern wilds to receive a regular "Lindy" reception in Japan.

Underwood

William Burke

The professional golfer who succeeds Bobby Jones as American open champion.



P. & A.

Robert Moses Grove

"Lefty" of the Athletics, who now ranks with the pitching stars of all time.

Acme

Ellsworth Vines

California's nineteen-year-old tennis phenomenon—the season's sensation.

FACES THAT HELP TELL THE STORY OF THE SUMMER

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The Story of the Summer

WHAT'S HAPPENED THIS SUMMER?

The question is being asked by teachers and students returning to schoolrooms after the summer's holiday, by vacationers who have been away from their ordinary haunts and the regular daily newspaper for weeks, or perhaps months. Even if schools are closed and business slows down during the heated term, this old world of ours doesn't stop, and plenty has happened this summer important enough to be recorded by the history writers of the future. For the benefit of our own readers who are asking what has happened of real significance and interest, we here set down briefly—as we have done at this time for several years—the story of the summer of 1931 now past.

If it were possible to sum it all up in one sentence, we might say at the start that the summer has been chiefly notable for attempts to relieve the world of some of the burden of World War liquidation, and for advances in aviation.

BACK in June came cries from Germany protesting over the "unbearable tribute" of reparations. The German Government imposed new taxes and governmental economies by decree. The German Chancellor and Foreign Minister went to England and spent a week-end in amicable private conversation with the British Prime Minister at his country seat. In the meantime President Hoover was making a tour of the Middle West, discussing the business depression at Indianapolis, and laying a wreath on President Harding's tomb at Marion. He rushed back to Washington to plunge into a series of conferences on the European financial situation. He talked with Cabinet members, diplomats, bankers, industrialists, leaders of both parties and both Houses of Congress. On June 20 the President announced his now famous moratorium plan, which was essentially a postponement for one year of all war-debt and reparations payments. We would forego for that period some $246,000,000 of debt instalments from our World War associates, while they in turn would get along without some $400,000,000 of reparations due them under the so-called Young plan.

The world received this with a burst of enthusiasm. In our own country the applause was well-nigh unanimous, tho there were also fears lest the Hoover move might lead to eventual cancelation of the debts due us, and perhaps drag us back into "entanglement" with Europe. Before France would agree, certain details—chiefly involving the definite retention of the framework and guaranties of the Young plan—had to be settled by direct negotiation at Paris, with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon representing the United States. Announcement of agreement was made July 6.

IT had been a long time since anything had so cheered up the world as had the announcement of this moratorium. All the stock exchanges of the world blossomed out with little bull markets. It was soon realized that many financial details were still to be arranged, and that there was no great change in the world's industrial situation. But before long beneficial effects were visible in Germany, with banks embarrassed by runs or doing business under emergency government regulations again resuming normal activities.

Germany had "tottered," but it hadn't collapsed.

A conference was held at London, at which, *mirabile dictu*, the United States was "officially" represented. Arrangements were made for bank credits for Germany, and a bankers' committee was appointed, headed by Albert H. Wiggin, our Chase bank's chief executive, to look into German finances and, in particular, to find out how to convert short-term German indebtednesses into long-term ones. Late in August the Wiggin committee made the observation that eventually there would have to be restoration of both political and financial confidence, and that no payments must be demanded of Germany which shall "impair the maintenance of her financial stability." This was generally interpreted as looking toward a scaling down or even cancelation of war debts and reparations, and it aroused a great amount of comment, pro and con.

The defeat of extremist forces in a referendum on August 9 in Prussia was taken as a vote of confidence in the present German Government, and added to the feeling that Germany would pass successfully through the present trying period.

BUT repercussions of the German financial crisis were soon felt in England. During the middle of the summer there was a phenomenal drain of gold from the Bank of England, most of it going to Paris. The bank's rediscount rate was raised twice in order to check the flow, and the Bank of France and the New York Federal Reserve Bank extended large credits to the Bank of England. But it soon became evident that Britain was facing a real financial crisis. The Labor Government secured the cooperation of Conservatives and Liberals and prepared a budget providing for retrenchment in expenditures and a 10 per cent. cut in the dole. But now a majority of the Cabinet and the Labor party in the House of Commons withdrew their support. An emergency government was then formed with Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister, and Philip Snowden Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with most of the other posts filled by Liberals and Conservatives, including former Prime Minister Baldwin. This is a temporary arrangement which will last until a general election is held some time this fall.

IT has been a most eventful summer in the air.

At the very beginning of the summer, a Swiss scientist, August Piccard, in a balloon, soared higher into the air than man had ever before gone. An altitude of more than 52,000 feet was reached, a height where the moon is as bright by day as by night, and where it is always 150 degrees below zero.

On June 23, just before five o'clock in the morning, Wiley Post and Harold Gatty quietly left New York in the airplane *Winnie Mae* on their globe-encircling flight. They flew by way of the Atlantic, northern Europe, Siberia, Alaska, and Canada, traveling 15,474 miles, and returning to Roosevelt field exactly 8 days, 15 hours, and 51 minutes after their take-off.

Twenty-four hours after Post and Gatty left New York, Otto Hillig and Holger Hoiriis (who piloted the plane) took off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in a Bellanca monoplane on a transatlantic flight to northern Europe. They landed at Bremen late in the evening the next day. From there they later went on to Copenhagen, where they were hilariously acclaimed by the Danes.

Another transatlantic flight was that of Endres and Magyar in the *Justice for Hungary*. They left Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on July 15, and were forced down next day within 25 miles of Budapest, their objective.

One of the failures of the summer was the attempt of Reg Robbins and Harold Jones of Texas to make a non-stop refueling flight from Seattle to Tokyo. Weather conditions compelled them to give up the venture on July 9, near Nome, Alaska. They tried again, a few weeks later, but the weather was still against them and they were forced to come down at Fairbanks on August 3.

Frank Hawks scored one of his many record-breaking speedy flights from point to point when, on July 23, he flew from New York to Havana and back between breakfast and dinner.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Stirred Up by Henry Ford's "Shotgun Gardens"

"YOU *MUST* CULTIVATE YOUR GARDEN!" Such, in effect, is Henry Ford's ukase to the married men employed at his Iron Mountain, Michigan, plant.

"Paternalism!" howls an indignant press, hotly incensed at this "invasion of the workingman's inalienable right" to be lazy on his hours off, and highly scornful of Mr. Ford's qualifications as a social philosopher, guide, and dictator.

Here is Mr. Ford's decree, as wired from Iron Mountain to the newspapers of the nation:

"Next year, every man with a family who is employed at the plant will be required to have a garden of sufficient size to supply his family with at least part of its winter vegetables.

"Those who do not comply with the rule will be discharged.

"The man too lazy to work in a garden during his leisure time does not deserve a job.

"When the people of our country learn to help themselves they will be benefited far greater than they would be by employment insurance.

"If our agricultural plan is adopted throughout the country, the dole need never be thought of."

"Shotgun gardens!" sneer the Scripps-Howard Washington *News* and New York *World-Telegram*, springing to the defense of the Ford employees. "None of Henry's business," protests the New York *Evening Post*, concluding that "we object not so much to his interference with the harassed farmer as to his interference with his own workmen. Whether his employees raise vegetables or not can have no effect upon their industrial efficiency."

In substantial agreement with these views we find the Hartford *Courant*, the Springfield *Union*, the Albany *Evening News*, the Philadelphia *Record*, the Troy *Times*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Most of them foresee a menace to the farmer's future when the Ford "shotgun gardens" begin to grow. The Brooklyn *Eagle* notes:

"A score of plans like Mr. Ford's to dictate the off-hour interests and activities of workers, to interfere with their private lives, to establish a sort of benevolent paternalism, have come to grief in America.

"Their experience is part of the history which the flivver magnate chooses to hold in contempt."

BUT Henry Ford's vegetable-garden decree also finds ardent defenders. Among the dailies favoring the edict we discover the Knoxville *Journal*, the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, the Hartford *Times*, the Boston *Post*, the Indianapolis *News*. This last paper believes that—

"A varied training in crude self-helpfulness may be a way of dealing with future general depressions, when a good many get stranded on economically isolated islands and have to wait for the ship of restored prosperity to take them back to their accustomed ways."

"Give the Little Girl a Hand"
—Miller in the Kansas City "Star."

Knocking Out the Depression With a Cocked Hat

THERE IS FLUTTERING IN THE DOVE-COTES, "not to mention chicken-coops, duck ponds, and turkey runs."

Even the ostrich farms are looking up, we may judge from the New York *Times's* account of the current craze for those perky little feather-trimmed derbies, that were originally introduced in the dim and distant past by the Empress Eugénie.

In other words, the sudden popularity of this style created by Napoleon III's Spanish consort, who dictated the fashions of the Second Empire, is nursing along a number of little booms that are vastly appreciated in one business and another.

Feathers are prospering as they have not prospered in many a day.

The new style of hat means a new style of hair-dressing, to the intense delight of the beauty-shop proprietors.

There are still other factors, but we shall come to them later.

About the Empress Eugénie hat there are many minds. Some observers see it bringing back bustles, full skirts, and other feminine trappings of an earlier day.

There are those who view this prospect with equanimity. Others are much put out by such "silliness," and demand that the ladies return to more "sensible" raiment.

But let us turn from such considerations for a moment and see how this cocked hat may knock the depression into a cocked hat.

The Portland *Oregonian* describes the process thus:

"The Empress Eugénie hat calls for apparel that will conform with its lines. For a vast number of people who are saving up for a rainy day, no day is rainier than one on which mother or daughter is outmoded. So manufacturers and retailers of women's wear are looking up."

The feather business has already felt the beneficial effects of this tendency, and is enjoying, in the words of *The Times*, "a boom to make the stock market curl up with envy." Reading on:

"Several months ago there were only about twenty feather factories left. Now *The Millinery Trade Review* announces that their number has increased to something like three hundred, most of them in New York. Experienced workers are in great demand, for the art of making a bluejay's wing out of a handful of chicken feathers had almost died out. Experts have been routed out of retirement and are making the feathers fly.

"South Africa's million ostriches have in twenty years dwindled to only 25,000. The huge 'willow plumes' have not come back to favor, but there is a brisk demand for the small curly ones. The price for coq feathers has risen 300 to 350 per cent. Turkey, duck, goose, and pigeon feathers are finding a good market. Here is a boom to make the stock market curl up with envy."

BUT we have indicated that the Empress Eugénie hat is not viewed with universal approval. This thing has gone far

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enough, says Alice Hughes in the New York *World-Telegram*, adding:

"What this country needs now is a good, earnest dress reformer—a sort of Susan B. Anthony, who can veer the feminine sheep who have gone into the Second Empire fold, back into pastures of sanity and some sort of dress restraint. It was the war that brought about sensible clothes in the '20's. Perhaps it is worth going to war again to put our women back into simple, becoming, youthful clothes.

"Subway sights at 5:30 P.M. are sufficiently depressing without straggling hat feathers flicking tired business women's faces.

"Puffs and furbelows and cocked hats worn so that women look tipsy are out of joint in this age of vertical architecture.

"Women can stop this silly prostitution of style by demanding simple, sensible clothes at the shops where they trade. Stores carry what women demand and buy. It makes no difference to them whether they take their profit on a Eugénie dress or a two-piece jumper frock. In Paris, Vionnet and some other couturiers proved their intelligence by not showing a single period dress. Instead, they designed clothes that suit women in 1931 activities, and their openings were cheered by those in their right mind."

How did the craze start? We have encountered more versions than we have space to give, or you have time to read. But here is one of the most amusing of them, related by Gilbert Swan in his New York column syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association. We read:

"A French gentleman, who is one of the most expert buyers for one of the swankiest New York stores, went over to Paris to get some new seasonal styles, and found a paucity of original ideas.

"He did find a tendency among the French artists toward a renaissance of the extremely feminine and 'ladylike' modes.

"In conversation with a famous French style creator, this Manhattan buyer commented that he thought revivals of historic styles might fit well into the current scheme of things. As the talk continued, the Second Empire was suggested as having possibilities.

"And—presto! Here they are."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

EUROPE finds that after all these years the real yanks are just coming.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

OUR observation is that nowadays four out of every five haven't anything.—*Dallas News.*

NO wonder people can't lick the depression. Nobody has thought up a good slogan.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

DON'T make the mistake of thinking that they are feather-headed because they are feather-hatted again.—*Boston Herald.*

WHEN business does turn that corner, it is to be hoped it will not do it on two wheels and upset itself.—*Louisville Times.*

DESPITE mass-meetings, resolutions, and reports, about the only person who appears able effectively to get rid of the gangster is another gangster.—*Boston Herald.*

IT grieves us to learn that the Cotton Belters are making caustic remarks about the Farm Board. One hothead suggests that every third member be plowed under.—*The New Yorker.*

THE more we see of these modern wars the less we like them. In the good old days you didn't have to look up the defeated party thirteen years later, wipe his tears, cancel his debts, and set him up in business.—*The Farm Journal (Philadelphia).*

A FIRM in Massachusetts which manufactures pocketbooks announces that it has more orders for its pocketbooks than it can fill. Well, we also have more pocketbooks than we can fill.—*Albany Evening News.*

CAPTAIN HAWKS, the aviator, has, among other records, established a very unique one. He hasn't flown across the ocean.—*Judge.*

ON the strength of Henry Ford requiring all employees to have a garden, we predict a bumper weed crop.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

THE best politician in New York is one who can keep the support of Tammany without letting anybody notice it much.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

WITH 1,600,000 words to its credit, the Wickersham group seems to have proved that the sins of commission are not the sins of omission.—*Boston Herald.*

THE *Do-X* has actually crept up on us from South America after all these months. This shows what foreign foes could do to us if we were patient.—*The New Yorker.*

AND still the best way to get out of a financial hole is by retrenchment.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF Gandhi shows up in London, he can teach England how to economize.—*Springfield Republican.*

WELL, at last our farmers are getting some relief. Their vacationing relatives are going home.—*Judge.*

NO doubt, many of our infant industries are crying because they can no longer milk the public.—*Louisville Times*

A CABLE from England informs us that Alfonso is going on a vacation. Now all we need to know, is what from?—*The New Yorker.*

THIS thing of kicking out the old and calling in a new party to run the government in a crisis is also being quietly considered on this side of the Atlantic.—*Washington Herald.*

AS we understand the news from Cuba, Machado has crusht the rebellion, and he has the loyal support of all but ninety-five per cent. of his adoring people.—*The New Yorker.*

ALTHO Jouett Shouse is for the moment keeping quiet about it, there is little doubt that deep down in his heart he is quite sure that President Hoover is responsible for the prolonged drought and forest fires in the Northwest.—*Springfield Union.*

THE Farm Board was also negligent in not providing that that coffee from Brazil should be shipped in sacks made from American cotton.—*Washington Herald.*

Thrift

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

A STUDENT publication of Columbia University asserts married women are more capable teachers than unmarried ones. Men will agree.—*Life.*

THAT disturbing sound reaching the Hoover Administration from the direction of the next Congress comes from the dole-drums.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

IF the G.O.P. wants to be on the safe side in next year's campaign, it should adopt as a slogan "The Half-Full Dinner Pail."—*Louisville Times.*

THE proposal that we plow under every third meal will probably be the next gem of wisdom from Washington.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.*

MILADY may revive the Empress Eugénie hat if she chooses, but she needn't expect us gents to grow Napoleon III whiskers as accessory scenery.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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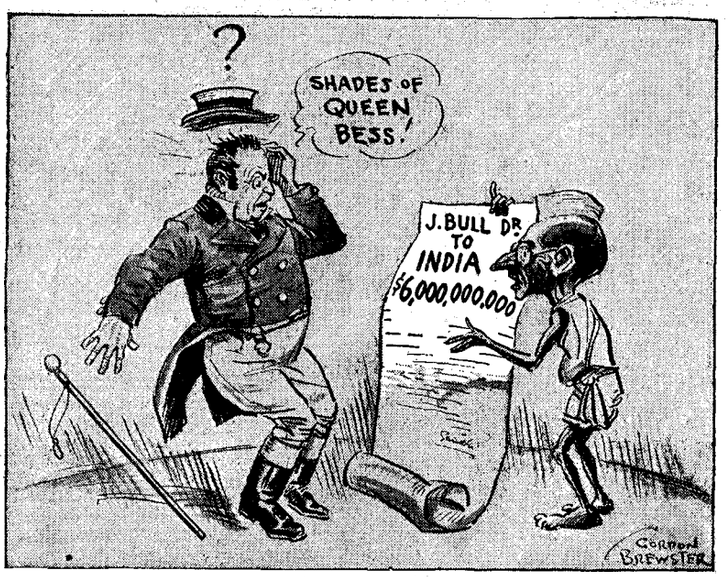
FOREIGN COMMENT

When Gandhi Presents His Colossal Bill

A HIGH FINANCE PROBLEM is among those that confront the approaching India Round Table Conference at London, which Gandhi is on his way to attend after much saying of "Yes" and then "No" about his going.

But he will not be undecided, it appears, about the Nationalist debt claim on Britain.

British investors, who have advanced the Government of India and other public bodies in that country some $4,000,000,000, are said to interpret the Nationalists' plan for the "*ratification*" or "*adjustment*" of the Indian debt, as practical "repudiation." The total figure has not yet been given out.



Strange As It Seems

—"The Herald" (Dublin).

During close upon the two hundred years that the British have been masters over India, the Indian Nationalists say, they have been helping themselves to Indian money to "further imperialist designs of various description."

Indian claims made against Britain, we are told, are on account of wars waged with Indian money and men, for strategic railways built, and other similar expenditures. British editors declare the total claim presented by the Nationalists is "colossal," and the interest demanded on it, we read, would "make India a creditor instead of a debtor of Britain."

Threshing out this point among British-Indian issues may or may not have had its weight in the final decision of Mahatma Gandhi to sit at the Round Table Conference. Nevertheless, Simla Associated Press dispatches advise us that he was chiefly influenced by the agreement of the British Government in India to inquire into alleged breaches of the New Delhi truce, in all districts in India where such breaches are said to have occurred.

The Mahatma's associates admit that he was assisted in reaching his decision "by the fact that the moon is full, for he, like all Hindus, has great faith in the influence of the moon on human affairs."

On "purification day," he took a ceremonial bath to cleanse himself of sin and repeated "a sacred litany 1,008 times." Then, this Simla dispatch relates:

"Wearing a thin shawl and a loin-cloth, Mahatma Gandhi entered a small American automobile to-night and made a wild dash from his little shanty on the slopes of the Himalayas through 100 miles of twisting, dangerous roads to the railroad station at Kalka.

"With only a few minutes to spare, he caught the frontier express which will take him to Bombay, where he will embark on his way to the Round Table Conference at London.

"An understanding with the Viceroy, the Earl of Willingdon, on the points at issue between the Government and the Nationalists resulted in his decision to go to London, and resulted, also, in the breakneck ride down the mountainside.

"To catch his train, the Mahatma defied an ordinance forbidding night driving through the Himalayan forest. He had only two hours for the trip over the dangerous roads, and so he whizzed past startled policemen, without a pause.

"His few remaining teeth chattered as the small car bumped along, and, with his shaved head and odd dress, he looked anything except an international figure of great power.

"Small groups of adherents shouted 'Long live our savior!' as he boarded his train."

BUT for all the pressure of business attending his hasty departure, the Mahatma found time to deny emphatically the charge that the Indian Nationalists are trying to repudiate their debt to Britain. In his publication, the Ahmedabad *Young India*, he writes:

"The question of repudiation does not arise, nor is there any question of the sanctity of contracts, because there is no contract. In fact, it is difficult to understand this charge of repudiation.

"If and when India takes over charge from the present administration, transactions would be like any ordinary transfer, whether it is from seller to buyer or from trustee to his ward, or from the wrongdoer to the wronged. In each of these transfers there would be a proper stock-taking balance sheet, and the taking over would be subject to audit.

"Adjustment burdens are never forced upon the transferee, except in the case of the vanquished, who have no choice. The state contemplated for India is that of freedom from bondage, complete or partial.

"The taking over of such liabilities as India approves, or is adjudged to pay, will not mean repudiation, but would mean the taking over of the balance by the British.

"If, therefore, any of the numerous bond holders, or holders of promissory notes and the like, have to lose, they will lose, not because of repudiation by India, but because of repudiation by the British."

MR. GANDHI warns Britain that the list of counter-claims framed by a committee of Indian economists under the mandate of the Indian National Congress is not final—some claims may be dropt while others may be added.

Some "Moderates" in India have found it politic to keep mum on the subject. Others give more or less qualified support to the scheme. *The Tribune* (Lahore), which is noted for its cautious attitude, observes editorially:

"In this matter, at any rate, Britain can not and ought not to arrogate to herself the position of being a judge in her own affairs. The question here is essentially international and ought to be dealt with by an impartial and independent tribunal. Let such a tribunal be appointed.

"Let the British Government as well as the Indian people lay their cases before such a tribunal, and abide by its verdict.

"Of course, there is a much better way to settle the matter, and that is for the plenipotentiaries of the British Government and the Indian people to settle the matter between themselves. If Britain and India are reasonable, such a settlement ought not to be difficult."

THE case is cited of the Irish Free State, which secured from Great Britain remission of her part of the public debt of the United Kingdom. Britain is asked to act as generously toward India as she did toward the Irish Free State.

But organs of British opinion in India are outraged by the

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charge of the Nationalists that Britain has misappropriated Indian funds.

Mr. Arthur Moore, Acting Editor of *The Statesman* (Calcutta), believed to be the spokesman of the European Association, remarks sarcastically in his editorial columns:

"Englishmen came to a distracted continent (India), which knew no system of government but autocracy, and was torn with civil wars. They welded the whole country into one system, inculcated a national ideal, and gradually built up representative institutions, which could not without them have made their appearance.

"It is now seriously suggested that when this great process culminates in a federation of the whole of India, this India should demand back from the pockets of twentieth-century Englishmen money which their ancestors lent to India and has since been repaid.

"Somebody had to govern India in those days. Unless a European Power did it, there would have been no one country at all, and there was certainly no possibility of its governing itself through representative institutions."

CONTINUING in the same acid tone, this editor enumerates some of the items in respect of which the Nationalists now claim a refund from Britain:

"The modern Englishman is to be asked to pay for the Indian Sepoy Mutiny. He is also to be asked to pay for the Afghan wars, tho if Afghanistan had not learned that there was a Government in India in the nineteenth century, where would the Indian Congress be to-day?

"Also he is to pay for the Burmese wars, but even after paying for them, he is not to have any say as to the future of the country which he conquered!

"But the main sum which the committee's subcommittee seeks to recover is the country's contribution to the cost of the Great War. Proportionately it was, contrary to what the report says, a small contribution, but the real point is that had not the Allies won the war, India would be in no position to talk of self-government to-day."

Radical Menace in Japan

POLICE are helpless to stem the tide of radicalism in Japan. But they don't deserve any sympathy, declares the Tokyo *Jiji*, and have only themselves to blame.

There are instances, we are told, where young men arrested on suspicion of having radical sympathies have taken up radicalism as a protest against the authorities, and this daily continues:

"Several measures are suggested for reducing radicalism. A school of reformers suggests that radical ideas should be met with healthy ideas.

"But those who hold the view are not very sure what ideas are healthy, and it not infrequently happens that reactionary ideas are offered to the young men in the fond belief that they will react favorably to these ideas.

"If alien and subversive ideas are to be discouraged, ultra-conservative ideas are equally to be discouraged.

"By countenancing reactionary movements, the authorities will be aggravating the situation, instead of improving it. Our hands are full, fighting radicalism.

"We can not afford to have reactionaries divert our attention from the task of keeping down radicalism.

"Another group of reformers says the way to wipe out radicalism is by imparting sound ideas to young men while in school.

"This would seem to indicate that students are not properly instructed in their duties to the State.

"If these reformers are right, those in charge of the educational affairs of the nation are to blame.

"But it is a fact that a growing number of people express doubts about national policy. This indicates that the authorities are not doing what they are expected to do."

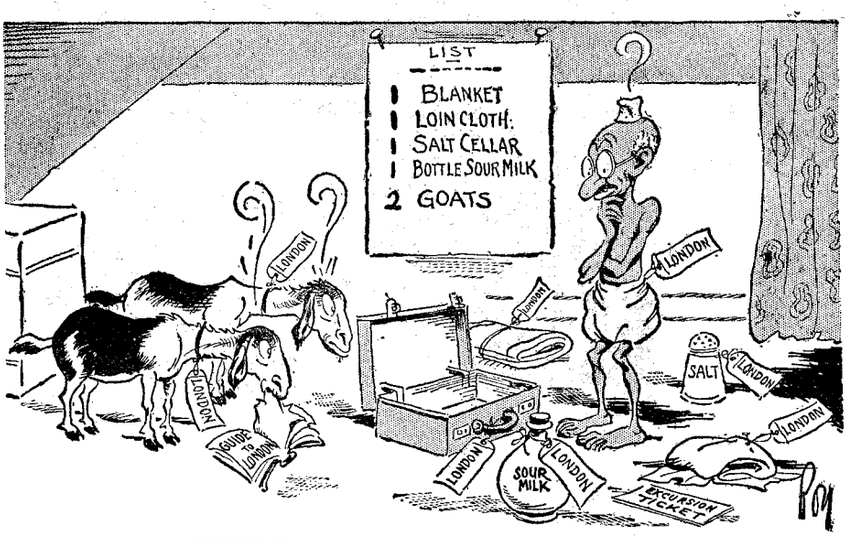
Germany Right, Austria Wrong

"THOU SHALT NOT!" is reported to be the terse decision of the International Court at The Hague on the half-realized Customs Union between Germany and Austria.

But Germany is freed of blame for the project, Paris cable dispatches advise us, while Austria is said to be held guilty of violation of the Geneva protocol of 1922, which it signed with the view to obtaining an international loan.

Voluntary renunciation by Austria of the proposed union, we are told, will facilitate negotiations with French financiers for a large loan.

A concise expression of French antagonism to the union is given in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, by Henry Berenger, once French Ambassador to the United States, and a distinguished member of the French Senate. In the first place, he asks:



An Old, Old Problem

How to get it all in the suit-case?

—"The Evening News" (London).

"Did Austria have the right to sign with Germany the protocol of March 14, 1931, which announces the political 'attachment' or the Anschluss, of 6,000,000 Austrians to 60,000,000 Germans? Assuredly she did not have such a right.

"History repeats itself. One knows how Prussia, through the Zollverein, enveloped and successively dominated the principalities, duchies, kingdoms, and free cities of the old Germanic Empire.

"This was the work of the fifteenth century. In the twentieth century the plan is to realize the Greater Germany. It dates from before the war, and has survived the war. It is the fixt idea of the German genius. To let it be accomplished is to realize one of the war objectives of the Pan-German imperialism of 1914."

OF course, Austria is no longer what it was, Mr. Berenger concedes. With approximately 6,500,000 of inhabitants who are almost exclusively German, it is no longer the Austro-Hungary of former days with its 52,000,000 of people of divers races and tongues, and he goes on to say:

"Article II of its Constitution declares that it forms an integral portion of 'the German Republic.' But on this point there is a 'mind of Europe.'

"The independence of Austria, declares the Treaty of Saint Germain, is inalienable, except by consent of the League of Nations. Geneva must not let itself be hoodwinked. No Mittel-Europa can be formed against the League. The systems of alliances can not be taken up anew by reference to the system of the League of Nations."

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How It Goes With Afghanistan

THE DERBY HAT AND OTHER REFORMS from the Western world cost King Amanullah his throne in Afghanistan, and sent him swiftly and secretly into Europe, where a change in hat styles does not start or finish a régime.

His successor, King Nadir Khan, is said to be just as much inclined to modernize Afghanistan as was Amanullah, but he seems to have a more persuasive method.

In opening what is called the first Afghan Parliament he inaugurated a departure in his country's system of government, the potentialities of which are thought by some Indian editors to be of intimate interest to India.

How Amanullah Left His Kingdom

—"The Evening Times" (Glasgow).

First of all, notes the Bombay *Indian Social Reformer*, King Nadir Khan appears as the spokesman, not of a reformed religion, but of the orthodoxy which was ranged against and finally overthrew Amanullah Khan. This Bombay weekly continues:

"Those of us in this country who followed with sympathetic if anxious interest the intrepid attempts of the ex-King and Queen Souriya to modernize Afghanistan can not but make a note of the difference. It is possible and, indeed, more than probable that King Nadir Shah who, during his long residence in Europe, would have understood the difference between the essentials and non-essentials of Western civilization, is not less desirous of modernizing Afghanistan than his predecessor, tho he shows more circumspection in promoting reforms.

"King Nadir Shah made it plain in his address that Afghanistan is to remain a Moslem State. Turkey has dissolved the connection between Church and State, and in Persia His Majesty Reza Khan seems to be pursuing a non-denominational policy.

"King Nadir Shah has not seen fit to announce a similar departure. In his very first sentence he pointedly referred to this Assembly of 'Moslem Councillors.' No non-Moslem, evidently, will have a seat in the Afghan Parliament.

"Afghan Kings have observed traditionally toward the small minority of their Hindu subjects a policy of perfect religious toleration and civil equality, and some of them have even had Hindu Ministers. An enlightened ruler like King Nadir Shah, is most unlikely to depart from this long-standing tradition."

THE Constitution of the Afghan Parliament, points out *The Indian Social Reformer*, is yet to be settled, and the present Assembly is more in the nature of a convention. In his speech, inaugurating the Assembly, the King gave an account of his relations with foreign Powers, which, this Bombay weekly thinks, is the most important part of it from the point of view of neighboring countries. We read:

"His Majesty was at pains to dispel the impression that he was helped by the British Government in establishing himself as the dominant personality in Afghanistan. On the contrary, he stated that the British Government had put difficulties in his way, and that his sole supporters were the several Afghan tribes when they understood the real nature of his mission.

"After his accession, however, Great Britain, without any condition, rendered help to Afghanistan in the shape of a loan of £175,000 without interest and 10,000 rifles and 500,000 cartridges. King Nadir Shah said he accepted these gifts since they were free from any kind of stipulation, secret or open.

"By way of precedent, His Majesty recalled that ex-King Amanullah Khan also had accepted motor cars, telegraph wires, rifles and cartridges, as also amounts in cash, which were not made public, from the British and Indian governments.

"The King said he had given concessions to no State, and so long as he was alive no such transaction would receive his signature.

"His Majesty gave a list of rifles and cartridges which he had purchased, or was under contract to purchase from the British, French, and German governments, which naturally suggests a question as to the intentions of these additions to Afghan armaments when the rest of the world is talking of disarmament.

"The country has an estimated population of between six and eight millions, and its annual revenue in Amanullah Khan's time was about £1,000,000."

ALTHO far from the perils of the revolution in December, 1928, which drove King Amanullah out of Afghanistan into the wide haven of European countries, the gift for getting into trouble seems still to be his. A Geneva dispatch to the Paris *Matin* lately informed the world that King Amanullah of Afghanistan had been arrested by Swiss police, who mistook him for a burglar, when they found him climbing through the window of the villa he owns near Montreux.

The dispatch said that the former King had forgotten his key. Neighbors saw him enter by the window and telephoned the police, who burst into the house and apprehended Amanullah. The matter was cleared up only after a long argument.

American Workers for Russia

SIX thousand American workers, and even more will find jobs in the Soviet Union by the end of this year. Under one-year and two-year contracts, they are being sent through the agency of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, a business bureau of the Soviet Government in New York. The majority, declares the *Economic Review* of the Soviet Union, are taking their families for they have the intention of settling permanently in the Soviet Union. We read further:

"In practically all cases, the American workers going over on these contracts are paying their own passage, and in many cases taking their own tools, which are admitted free of duty.

"This movement of American workers to the Soviet Union is due to the rapid development of the Five-Year Plan, which has created many new jobs, causing a shortage of skilled labor. The thousands of skilled American workers going over will supplement more than 1,000 American engineers, who for the past several years have been engaged in various Soviet industries.

"In many cases the high skill of these workers opens to them positions such as those of foremen or supervisors; and in all cases the American immigrant is given the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Russian worker. He receives the same rights to social insurance, recreation, and the education of his children.

"The workers who are going over are skilled miners, machinists, railroad workers, bricklayers, carpenters, and so on."

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A Prize Novel and Its Runner-Up

PRIZES nearly always mix a little gall with the honey for those who receive them.

To get $10,000, the Harper's prize for a best novel, as Robert Raynolds did for his "Brothers in the West," is calculated to give joy if the critics are not too closely scrutinized.

They are not entirely pleased. In fact, some are bewildered.

So they turn to "the runner-up," so called, in the competition, and find George Davis's "The Opening of a Door" more to their liking.

Moreover, report has it that Mr. Davis's book went at once into successive printings.

From what one may gather from the critics, both books are things to be grateful for.

The judges in this contest were Bliss Perry, Ellen Glasgow, and Carl Van Doren. Lewis Gannett tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* that "two judges voted for Raynolds's book, and one judge for Davis's, and it would be a safe guess that it was Carl Van Doren who stood alone."

For those who find bewilderment in the prize book, Isabel Paterson, in *The Herald Tribune*, offers a suggestive clue:

He Wrote His First Novel and Won a Prize of $10,000—Robert Raynolds

"The Harper Prize novel, 'Brothers in the West,' by Robert Raynolds, has puzzled some readers. What is it about? they ask; why are the places and dates so vague? Tho it is a story of action, or at least of movement, it has no definite plot, no climax or conclusion, except the slow aging and death of the brothers.

"We more than suspect it is an allegory; an attempt at embodying 'the winning of the West' in half a dozen bold, main types.

"One of the brothers, *Charles*, was ruddy fair; the other, *David*, was black haired. 'They remembered themselves, but not where they were born, or who might have been their parents. Even as children they had moved through wild countries with wandering folk.'

"That is, they were Americans of the early stock, already separated from Europe by several generations of mixed ancestry, the pioneers of the Atlantic seaboard. They had inherited the impulse to push on Westward. And they were animated by a singular belief that some day they would find a place where they belonged, 'their birthplace' in that sense, and settle there.

"They hunted, traded, fought and made friends with the Indians in the course of their travel. At first they had no women folk with them—the advance guard of white men in the wilderness went alone. Then *David* stole a woman, an orphan Scandinavian girl, from an inadequate, half-comic Frenchman, *Jean Grosjean*. *Jean* shot *David*, but *David* recovered, and *Jean* then joined the party amicably. Later *Charles* met a Spanish-Mexican girl. Some of her kin joined the caravan. A runaway boy from the Middle West also attached himself to the party.

"They went on. At last they were forced to build a house, because there were children born. Age stiffened the brothers; they were patriarchs at the head of an increasing family. They went out on a last camping trip, and together, in the mountains, they lay down and died. They were already dim, half forgotten, among their descendants.

"The intention seems to us unmistakable. The types are clear, Yankee pioneers, the Spanish Southwest, the Scandinavian Northwest, the Frenchman who exiled to found a family or possess the land, but lost gallantly; and the dimming, in their own lifetime, of the pioneer brothers themselves.

"If this interpretation is wholly derived from our own exuberant fancy, we trust the author will correct us.

"We think he had at least a striking idea, tho the task of blending realism and romance was rather too difficult; we can not say that it appears to us completely successful. He meant to define a mythology, out of what has hitherto been only a sentiment or a figure of speech. It was worth trying."

"THE Opening of a Door" is described by Fred T. Marsh in the New York *Times* as "a high achievement in creative literature," "a work of beauty in pattern, finish in style, and maturity in thought."

The writer is twenty-three.

Mr. Marsh, without telling the story, opens a door upon its character:

"Insensibly the people, all members of a single family, take form as the record of happenings unfolds. One meets them, lives in their midst, finally gets to know them—but never fully. For these are people, not images, at once very real and very complex. If *Grandmother* appears to us at first as only a white-haired old lady seated in her wheel-chair, her memory gone, her sweetness intact tho combined with a certain not unattractive craftiness resulting from senility and loss of memory, we are soon disturbed by learning other and contrary aspects of her individuality.

"We come to realize the tyrannical power she has had and, because of the past, still has over others. We come imperceptibly to see that it is she who made *Aunt Flora* a fussy, devoted old maid whose 'greatest gift was undoubtedly an ability to state the exact incensing word'; that it is *Grandmother* who long ago spoiled *Uncle Lincoln*, who was her baby, and whose weakness and meanness create so much misery in the family; that it was *Grandmother's* influence, again, which had in the past changed *Grandfather* from a jolly young man into an eccentric old one; and that it was in good part, probably, her influence which accounted for *Aunt Theodora's* restlessness, *Uncle Daniel's* unhappiness, *Aunt Alexandra's* 'God-hopping' notions.

"And yet all except *Daniel* adore *Grandmother*. Their lives have been bent by her will, and they can not see around her. For *Grandmother* had always been a power not only in the family but in the Canadian town where *Grandfather* had kept the store before they moved to Chicago.

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"But the character of *Grandmother* does not contribute a main theme to the novel, for this is not a book in which a theme is developed to make a point, carry an idea, convey a message, or control character and incident.

"The picture of *Grandmother* is only one of many that appear in the foreground. One might take any one of the others as a starting-point for discussion. The novel is a whole consisting of many interrelated wholes, and its essence is too intangible to admit of didactic or expository comment."

"Brothers in the West," says Laurence Stallings in the New York *Sun*, "seems to me to be the right sort of a novel to win the distinguished award given every other year by the Harpers; that is, it seems so for the first half of it."

Next—George Davis

He received one vote out of three for the Harper Prize.

America Plays the Organ

AMERICANS, we read in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, cherish a special passion for the organ.

Around this musical instrument, it is said, the tenderest American associations will always be found to cluster.

What the lyre was to the ancient Greek or the flute to the medieval Italian, the organ is to the modern American.

Perhaps the writer gained his sole impression of America by visiting the large moving-picture houses. Nevertheless, it is instructive to know what foreigners read about us. So here—

"Perhaps it is a matter of hereditary association.

"Perhaps it dates from memories of half-forgotten links with a past when the church organ was the chief musical instrument of Yankees looking askance at worldly preoccupations and worldly melodies. Times have changed since then and, with them, the scope of the organ. Still, it might be inferred that, even in the United States, an organ concert would be characterized by a musical program consistent with the nature of the organ."

So it is, concedes the German critic, as long as the organist is left to himself.

That is only before the audience has assembled. The organist in his solitude will afford himself the luxury of the classical masterpieces. Suddenly he becomes aware that some people have begun to stream into the hall:

"'Aha!' says the organist to himself, 'I must give them something more popular.' So he gives them a morning song by Grieg, and the modulations of the fluted notes do indeed emerge prettily from the organ. As he ends his piece, he is appreciated with a round of applause. He bows, and notes that still more people have come in.

"The organist sees that the public is on hand completely. 'Give them what they want,' he tells himself. The organist devotes himself to popular songs. Irving Berlin and his sentimental ditties peal in slow notes along with a clapped accompaniment, in syncopated time, from a xylophone integrated into the organ.

"Still, this is not enough—and amid the medley of sweetened tones occurs a medley of color jets, a spray of tints and shades and hues. Somebody has devoted himself to the light-effects until blues and violets bespatter the organ and the curtains. When the organist alters the musical effect, everything becomes suddenly red. Nor will this do, either. The alternating melodies require—or so the man who switches the lights seems to believe—combinations of greens with orange.

"Soon the organist himself is drenched with color which he—alas!—takes for the symbol of the element in which the masses are steeped. Now he proceeds to play incessant jazz. As the color-scale exploits itself in veritable orgies over the curtains, which alternate and modify their hues like a chameleon, the organ—the instrument for which John Sebastian Bach wrote his immortal fugues—now thunders:

"'I'm dancing with tears in my eyes
Because the girl in my arms isn't you!'"

The Cover

WHO would not like to enter this charming Southern courtyard?

Flowers in pots on every available spot give welcome, and the door stands ready to be opened.

Mr. Graves lives in New York, but, as George Alfred Williams once wrote in *The International Studio* (New York):

"Like many another American painter, he has felt the need to seek themes in the tropics. South America, Trinidad, Havana, Cuba, and even the far-away island of Robinson Crusoe have all called his brush. These tropical subjects reveal to us the fact that, for his expression, Graves has built up a secure technique.

"While style is part and parcel of his individuality, he has kept it flexible enough to render nature with truth. There is a charm to his tropical pictures that defies description because his art turns and bends, ready ever to answer the painter's sure and swift hand. There is no monotony of repeated theme for the sake of popular success."

THE same writer gives this sketch:

"Born at Weymouth, Massachusetts, Graves, after a preparatory education, studied at the School of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Later, he went to France and studied under Jeannin. Then, after returning to America, where he remained a short time, he again went to France and studied the figure under Corman. This was in 1887, and during the two following years of his stay in France, he exhibited at the Salon with success.

"However, his native land beckoned him, and he returned, making his home for the greater part of the year at Kennebunkport, Maine. Altho spending most of his time on the New England coast, he did not withdraw from artistic contact with the world, and has since had much to do with art interests here and in France.

"He is an honorary life member of the American Art Association of Paris, an honor that came through very valuable services rendered as chairman of the art committee of this organization. In this country he is a member of the Salmagundi Club of New York, the Copley Society of Boston, and the Boston Art Club; life member of the National Arts Club, New York; member of the National Academy, New York."

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If Charlie Plagiarized, What Then?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN found some thorns in the welcome extended to him in France.

An actor and playwright, Mr. Jean Sarment, suggests that in "City Lights" he plagiarized a work of his named "The Most Beautiful Eyes in the World."

No answer has so far appeared from the film comedian, tho other hands have undertaken to show that plagiarism is a charge hard to substantiate.

Mr. Sarment's letter to Chaplin is printed in *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* (Paris):

"To M. Charlie Chaplin.

"Dear Sir: Before aught else, I salute your artistry, and express to you all of my admiration which I have felt for years for your great and human talent.

"I have delayed the writing of this letter until your return to France.

"For a number of months, I had been aware of a certain peculiarity of your beautiful film, 'City Lights,' but I wished to see it myself before coming to a decision. I saw it, and I admired it together with the rest of the world, and now I desire, before entering into a process—and I hope with all my heart that it will not be necessary for me to do so—to inform you personally of a fact which seems to be quite evident and manifest in Paris. Here it is:

"In 1922, I wrote a comedy in three acts, called 'The Most Beautiful Eyes in the World,' which was produced in Paris in 1925.

"I have just revived it at the Théâtre Pigalle; in the meantime, since 1925, this comedy has been given hundreds of times in France and abroad; translated into a dozen languages, appeared in *L'Illustration*, and published in book form.

"I must add that it has penetrated to the United States, and that it was purchased, in 1925, by a New York director for presentation in an American theater; and that I have declined numerous offers for its adaptation as a moving picture. It would seem that the directing and leading idea of your film is that of 'The Most Beautiful Eyes in the World.'

"Now, before taking any other action, I ask you quite loyally what you yourself think of this similarity, and what you intend to do about it?

"The director who bought my play for the United States told me that he had the intention of submitting the piece to you.

"I do not for a second doubt your good faith as a man and an artist, but memory has secret compartments, and it often happens that a creative artist retains in his subconscious mind the memory of something he has read.

"It is possible that you have retained the memory of the general idea of my play, and at the same time lost the memory of its existence. Possibly, and more simply, a synopsis of the scenario may have come to your attention which some less scrupulous had made of my comedy.

"Whichever the case may be, I am obliged to point out the analogy: your film 'City Lights' follows the arabesques which are in 'The Most Beautiful Eyes in the World.'

"I must ask you, then, Monsieur, to take into consideration this letter from a French writer and artist, which is addrest to you in all sincerity and in all confidence, not only to the great artist that you are, but also to the new Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

CHARLIE finds a defender in France. Original subjects, both in literature and in the theater, are very few, comments Le Prospecteur in *Le Prospectus Français*, and adds:

"M. Jean Sarment gives excellent reasons for his protest, but he takes great care not to say that his own piece, at least in subject, shows great analogy with Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth,' or Clemenceau's 'Veil of Happiness.'

"All of Molière's plays—and who would doubt his talent?—contain 'themes,' attempted by the classic authors and used by the Italian comedy. There are but few modern pieces in which one does not find the subject in classical tragedy, and the best 'gags' of the moving-picture comedians have figured in the 'Comedia dell' Arte.'

"Charlie Chaplin can argue in his defense that the film is a piece of work which contains for the most part the interpretation of his own personality.

"The theater, as a matter of fact, is made up of three things the subject, the style, and the interpretation.

"The first two remain immutable, whereas the third alone differs according to the artist to whom the rôles are confided. The film, on the other hand, is a thing which, after it has been made, is not subject to modification. The 'Cid' can bring forth roars of laughter if it is played by mediocre actors, but 'City Lights,' shown in New York or London, will always be the same. The moving-picture actor contributes a definite something, and the director must definitely efface himself. The dramatic author is in a class apart, for his work can be changed at will; the film, when it has once been exposed, retains the definite imprint of those who have interpreted it. It can be shown over and over again, but it can not be changed.

"This privileged situation of the cinema actor varies in importance, for in the talking film one must admit of different versions when made by actors of different nationalities; but in the silent film, it remains absolutely intangible, and this is so true that the case of Charlie Chaplin is not even open to discussion, for all which he has done bears so personal a mark that it must be exculpated of all accusations of plagiarism.

"The conclusion of this entire matter is that in this discussion it would seem that M. Jean Sarment does not detest publicity, and that he would not have brought up the question had it not involved the popular Charlie."

AN English correspondent in Paris, Philip Carr, writes to *Comoedia* (Paris) to say that the motif of physical blindness was used in a comic opera by his father, J. Comyns Carr and Sir Arthur Pinero, set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and called "The Beauty Stone." He adds:

"I do not know if Mr. Chaplin knows this or not. But he knew my father, for in his youth before becoming famous on the screen he played a rôle in a piece my father had fashioned from Dickens's 'Oliver Twist.' It had a great success in London, and one of the principal Paris theaters will give a French version of it soon."

Lord Tennyson Speaking

LORD TENNYSON'S voice comes back after fifty years' silence.

But he speaks in an unknown tongue.

A small but learned company, we are told in *The Daily Herald* (London), assembled at the British Museum to see the seals broken of the first gramophone record locked in its vaults, and to hear the voice of the poet Tennyson.

Maurice Fazence gives the story:

"'Gentlemen,' said an official of the museum, 'fifty years ago the voice of Lord Tennyson was recorded for posterity.

"'That became the first of our big collection of historical records labeled "not to be opened for fifty years."

"'Gentlemen, the time has come when we can listen to it, and I can therefore announce Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, in readings from his own works.'

"There was a hush. The treasured cylinder of bright metal was adjusted on an antique gramophone.

"A groan from the trumpet, interpreted as a preliminary cough from the great poet into his beard, thrilled the tense gathering. And then . . .

"'OOjee boojee oojee boojee,' whimpered Lord Tennyson.

"The official in charge of the instrument was sorry. Just a *leetle* adjustment. Wouldn't take a minute. . . . *Now* let's try.

"'Oojee boojee,' growled Lord Tennyson angrily.

"There was a moment of terror. Probably a record of some native dialect—say Urdu or Tamil, both of which are represented in this historic collection—had been opened by mistake.

"But no. The label was all right.

"Or perhaps some Tennyson love song *did* begin in that way! Worth seeing whether the intelligible part of the record came later. Now then . . .

"'Ooojeeboojeeoojeeboojeeoojeeboojee,' declaimed Alfred Lord Tennyson. 'Ooojeeboojee. . . .'

"And try as they might, that was all that Alfred Lord Tennyson had to say to posterity in the only record he made.

"Somewhere, the experts say, there may be a gramophone so ancient that it might be able to let us know what Lord Tennyson is really getting at. But no one knows where. . . ."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Youth Tackles the World Crisis

"A CHALLENGE TO OUR CHRISTIAN ideals which we can neither ignore nor evade"—that's what the present economic depression is.

Its tragic and demoralizing effects are a reproach.

What appear on the surface as economic and political problems are at bottom spiritual problems.

So says a resolution passed by the World's Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations, which met at Cleveland, August 4 to 9.

"Nothing less than a fundamental change in the spirit of our economic life" will meet the case, the resolution asserts, "and this change can be effected only by accepting as the basis of industrial relations the principle of cooperation in service for the common good in place of unrestricted competition for private advantage."

Service, rather than profit, declare the "Y" boys and their leaders, should be the governing motive of industry:

"The conference desires to emphasize the responsibility of industry for the general welfare of the worker and his family outside his wage merely; for his opportunity for continuous employment, and particularly for his contentment and his widened outlook upon life through some just and equitable participation, beyond his wages, in the fruits of his work.

"In particular, the World's Alliance urges that immediate further steps be taken by governments and leaders of commerce and industry to give youth opportunity to gain a livelihood until economic stability is restored."

THIS plea, we are told, is made with a special view to lessening the "devastating effects which the industrial situation is having on the mind, body, and spirit of youth."

It represents the convictions of 1,028 delegates from forty-seven countries, probably the most internationally representative congress ever held in the United States. As the Schenectady *Gazette* tells us:

"The delegates presented a picturesque appearance, many being in native dress. Hindus in turbans, Chinese in silken robes, Scotch in kilties, Hawaiians with varicolored leis about their necks, Czecho-Slovakians in white blouses, Norwegians in yellow knee-pants and gold-trimmed red vests, and others from Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Egypt, Greece, Russia, Korea, Latvia, Peru, Uruguay, and all the rest of the forty-seven countries in the costumes of their native lands, made a brilliant and colorful picture."

As explained by its president, Dr. John R. Mott, the World's Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations unites nearly twoscore movements throughout the world. *The Christian Science Monitor* quotes him as adding:

"In its vast and expanding membership the Alliance blends all the great races of mankind. It constitutes in some respects the most intelligent, the most idealistic, the most unfettered, and the most potent among all the many societies of youth."

From July 27 to August 2 two simultaneous assemblies met at Toronto—the first World Y. M. C. A. Assembly of Young Men and the third World Assembly of Y. M. C. A. Workers with Boys. Then these foreign delegates journeyed to Cleveland by train and boat to join an equal number of American and Canadian "Y" men in the twentieth conference of the World's Alliance—the first of these conferences to be held in North America.

Thirty thousand boys in the United States and Canada subscribed $22,000 to help bring several hundred older boys and young men from distant countries; and these foreign boys spent several weeks in fraternizing with American and Canadian boys in summer camps in more than thirty States and provinces.

Acme photograph

Born Far Apart, but All "Y" Brothers

A few of the foreign delegates at Cleveland in native dress, hailing (left to right) from Japan, Germany, Hawaii, India, and Scotland.

Many spiritual as well as economic problems were worked out to definite conclusions in the five days at Cleveland. Topics ranging from Bible study to war guilt were discust by eminent men, including President Hoover, who spoke over the radio; but the key-note of the whole program, the correspondents tell us, was "more cooperation."

And the youth of the world will achieve it, declares Dr. Mott. In his closing address he said:

"To-day, as at no time in our history, we stand in need of a leadership which is truly cooperative.

"Present-day leaders must seek to multiply their lives through developing younger men. How is this accomplished? By giving them full play and adequate outlet for their powers.

"In a life devoted largely to serving the youth of many nations and races, I have learned to have confidence in youth, especially when heavy responsibilities have been committed to them. In all these forty and more years I have never regretted trusting youth."

DURING the World's Alliance meeting, the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America also were holding their forty-third international convention in Cleveland, and at the head of their "resolutions on next steps in religious emphasis" we find this further statement:

"In the moral confusion and spiritual poverty disclosed by the distressing social conditions of our day we find a fresh summons to a distinctively religious emphasis in the entire program of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

"When confronted, for example, by such a tragic spectacle as millions of men threatened with starvation at the same time that our granaries are overflowing with food, we become acutely aware how far short we have come of making spiritual forces regnant in our social life.

"The failures of civilization mean a failure of the agencies of organized religion to produce personalities with a commanding Christlike sensitiveness to human need and suffering, and a Christlike passion for justice and brotherhood."

These young men have adopted as their business creed the following "statement of social ideals framed by a notable committee of churchmen," which they formally indorse:

"1. The right of all men to the opportunity for self-mainte-

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nance, and safeguarding this right of continuous and sustaining employment against encroachments of every kind; a living, all-the-year-round wage as a minimum, adjusted to the needs of the family rather than the isolated individual; above this a social wage, permitting wage-earners and their families a due share in the wealth and prosperity of the industry and the community, without discrimination of sex or race.

"2. Safeguarding of all workers, men as well as women and children, against injurious occupations and conditions of labor; adequate protection against occupational injuries, diseases, and deaths.

"3. Gradual and reasonable reduction of hours of labor to the lowest practicable point as the productivity of industry increases; and for all, that degree of leisure which is a condition of the highest human life; release from employment at least one day in seven, working toward the five-day working week as fast as practicable.

"4. The right and social necessity of employees and employers alike to organize; adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes; the extension of cooperative management and ownership; the development of cooperation between employer or employers' organizations and labor organizations, aided by industrial technicians, to facilitate production and eliminate waste.

"5. Insurance, socially administered at cost, against invalidism, disabilities from illness and occupational injuries, want in old age, and enforced unemployment.

"6. The progressive development and application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property; the most equitable division of the product of industry that can be devised."

Underwood & Underwood

A Veteran Leader of Youth

Dr. John R. Mott, forty years in Y. M. C. A. work, and still going strong.

In advocating these ideals, we are told, the members pledge themselves to seek to put them into practise in their own business relations.

On the live question of disarmament, which is closely related to the depression problem, the debate was crystallized in these words:

"Conscious of its deep responsibility in regard to the present campaign for effective disarmament, the conference calls upon the National Alliances to bring the full weight of their influence to bear upon their respective peoples and governments with a view to securing that the forthcoming disarmament conference shall result in an actual and considerable reduction and limitation of armaments in accordance with Article VIII of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Preamble to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles and the official correspondence relating thereto, and the terms of the Kellogg pact.

"At the same time the conference is deeply concerned about the cause of fear and friction in the international situation of our present day, and as armaments necessarily imply a state of fear and disharmony between peoples, the conference is convinced that it is a Christian duty to strive with hope toward the goal of total disarmament and the elimination of the causes of fear and friction."

The frank spirit of this utterance calls for universal praise, remarks the Cleveland *News*, adding:

"It places on record a prominent body of young thinkers and doers as favoring the ultimate in outlawing war. It takes cognizance, moreover, of immediate and pressing needs by calling on the Geneva delegates to bring about drastic limitations of armaments at once.

"The eyes of the world have been on this assembly, watching for expressions of opinion on matters of vital moment. Nothing of greater importance could come out of the deliberations here than this forthright declaration for world peace and disarmament.

"It serves notice that youth is not dodging the issues before it. It will strengthen the hands of the statesmen now engaged in solving a problem of prime interest in all countries on the globe."

One Good Turn—

England has paid its debt with onions, peas, potatoes, cabbages, and all the other makings of a good dinner. We refer to the wide-awake farming community of England in Arkansas.

Last summer those farmers saw their crops wilt to nothing under a scorching sun and a cloudless sky. When winter came there were no potatoes and cabbages put by, and there was no money with which to set a table. Famine stalked the drought.

Driven to distraction by the hunger of their families, a group of farmers marched to the village and asked for food. The world heard the story, and the wheels of relief were set in motion. From Oklahoma came car-loads of foodstuffs; aid came, too, from other sections, and from the Red Cross, which raised $10,000,000 for relief of the wide area stricken by drought.

This summer nature smiled and emptied a horn of plenty into England's lap. Crops were abundant; the gardens were a green riot.

In near-by Oklahoma unemployed miners were going hungry, and it was England's turn.

Again the wheels of relief were set in motion—this time in the opposite direction.

And it's a heartening story that Paul Donald, State news editor of the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette,* tells us in that paper. A caravan of fifteen trucks loaded with vegetables and canned goods, contributed by the farmers, left in one night for Oklahoma. The Negro P. T. A. at Alport alone contributed enough to fill one truck. Stuttgart sent a truck-load. England merchants and business men also did their share in donating supplies and providing transportation. Local boys did the driving.

In the trucks were bushels of peas, sacks of potatoes, corn, onions, cabbages, carrots, snap-beans, okra, tomatoes, and other things that make the mouth water. Each sack, Mr. Donald tells us, was marked with the name of the farmer who donated the contents, thus making it a personal gift. The task of collecting was directed by a committee of local men, composed of Dr. Louis Hutchinson, former Senator Freed Hutto, and R. L. Sawyer, and we are told that they and the other citizens welcomed the opportunity to repay the kindness shown to them during the famine.

It was a land of plenty that Mr. Donald covered in a tour of inspection, and what he saw and describes may furnish a lesson to other farmers who could swathe the world in cotton and still go hungry:

"Surveying the broad fields of corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, and sorghum, it seemed incredible that only a few months ago tenant farmers in this section were hungry.

"Later we visited Central High community, passing the schoolhouse where Will Rogers, coming to Arkansas to relieve drought sufferers, served soup to emaciated, thinly clad children.

"The contrast was impressive. In the wildest flight of a newspaper man's fancy, it was impossible to visualize the specter of famine stalking through the productive fields surrounding England. Contented farmers, new homes under construction, sleek, well-fed cows and mules in the pastures, presented a picture that made one think of the Garden of Eden.

"Mr. Ehlers pointed out fields on J. H. Lawhorn's farm, where an average of 102 bushels of winter oats to the acre was

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harvested. Later the land was planted in corn, which soon will be ready to harvest. On this and other farms a yield of fifty to sixty bushels of corn to the acre will be garnered.

"'England farmers are proud of their corn crop,' Mr. Ehlers said. 'Heretofore, farmers in this section have planted most of their land in cotton, and bought their corn and other feedstuff. If the cotton crop failed, or the price was low, their horses and mules went hungry. But this year we are raising enough feedstuff to last two years.'"

THE wisdom of diversified crops, we are told, was the lesson of 1930, and it has enabled these farmers to play the Good Samaritan in 1931. When the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* sent George M. Morland into Arkansas to tour the former drought region, he wrote:

"I saw cotton-fields—as fine as any I have ever seen. The cotton is so high that some of the farmers are topping it with knives. But, interspersed with the cotton-fields, I saw numerous hay-fields of alfalfa which has already been mowed four times, and waits yet another harvest before fall. That land is yielding a return of $40 per acre, and will remain prolific for years.

"I saw many potato patches; I saw fields of cow-peas, soybeans, sorghum, and peanuts; and, just to prove that Lonoke County land will produce anything, I was shown several fields of tobacco that would delight the heart of a Kentuckian, and at least one waving field of broom-corn.

"Yes; the farmers are diversifying with a capital 'D' down in Lonoke County this year."

Well, Will Rogers, who helped to feed them when they were hungry, said these farmers were fine citizens. "They have shown he was right," comments the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*. "They have reciprocated in a manner that makes the picture bright, and strengthens belief in human charity." The sentiment is widely echoed.

"Typically American" the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* calls the action of the England farmers, and it observes:

"The country came to the aid of the Arkansas community last year and the gratitude then engendered is finding a fitting expression in the helping hand now being extended to Oklahoma.

"Thousands upon thousands of actions of similar purport, smaller in extent and in numbers involved, are constantly being done in this country. The community or the man who is embarrassed to-day meets better fortune to-morrow and is ready to help someone else."

The Modern Sunday-School at Work

WHAT can be done in training a child in Christian practise is shown in the answers to a questionnaire submitted to children in the third grade of the Sunday-school of the Riverside Baptist Church, of which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is the pastor.

The questionnaire was designed to find out what the children had learned during the year.

One of the answers reads, according to *The Church Monthly*, official organ of the congregation: "We share our money, but we have not learned to share other things, like giving up our seats."

Other answers include the following:

"We have learned to think about different kinds of people.

"We have learned about unemployment and what lots of people have suffered from it.

"We have learned that the tenement district is different.

"We have learned not always to think of ourselves.

"We have learned that some people don't have enough people to take care of them, like the orphans in Pennsylvania.

"We have learned to share. We shared our fun, like the party we gave to the children from the Spanish Sunday-school.

"Some have learned to be polite and to cooperate.

"Our charts have helped us. We don't like to get 'no,' so we work to get 'yes.'

"We have learned lots of things from stories, such as what Jane Addams has done, and Jacob Riis, and Margaret of New Orleans and Samuel Gridley Howe and Bryan Untiedt."

Heckling the Liberal Minister

CRITICIZING THE PREACHER is an old sport, and this season, we are told, it is the modernist, not the fundamentalist minister, who is the special target of the critics.

Every few days somebody takes a pot-shot at him through the secular press.

Why pick on him?

Because he is "at once a waif and a priest, a man of God and a man of the world," replies Charles W. Ferguson in the August *Harper's Magazine*. According to this observer, the liberal Protestant minister "now suffers a rather touching embarrassment and discomfiture"; he "looks upon the world through confused eyes, for in his heart he has heard the death-rattle of a dream." To come to more definite details:

"He surrenders acres to science in every sermon, yet always manages to keep a toehold for his God. With a glad cry he grasps the cosmic items on which science does not speak with finality. There was a day when Ingersoll lectured on the Mistakes of Moses. To-day the liberal clergyman lectures on the mistakes of savants. From the miracle of science the new minister has gathered up twelve baskets of fragments, and with these he feeds the multitude.

"In a word, he preaches the religion of what's left."

The "social gospel," in the opinion of Mr. Ferguson, is "the last refuge of an uncertain priesthood." He continues:

"The rise of ethics in the churches of Protestantism coincides with the decline of theological conviction and evangelism. The Social Creed of the Churches was inaugurated by men who were beginning to be wary of the Apostles' Creed.

"Does not the liberal minister understand that he is preparing the way for his own demise? Does he not secretly fear that liberal religion leads inevitably out of religion, and that his rôle in days ahead is a character part at best?"

TO this whole charge that "the Protestant clergy has experienced a considerable loss of caste," the *Presbyterian Banner* retorts:

"How so? We hadn't noticed it. Mr. Ferguson sets the Roman Catholic clergy aside—for nearly all these hecklers for some reason do this—and also the fundamentalists, and confines his animadversions to 'the enlightened minister to-day.'

"What has the 'enlightened minister' done that has cost him the loss of caste? He has gone over into the camp of science and quotes and uses its authorities and results to illumine and enforce his religious doctrines. Formerly the minister thought it was 'the thing' to attack science and all its works, but now he attacks those that attack science, and uses its robe to cover his theology. We think this simply shows that the minister is open to all truth that blows, and knows how to adapt and use it.

"He has also gone in for the social gospel and has thereby submerged the real gospel in free soup and soap-suds, sewerage and sanitation, and at the same time plays hand-in-hand with capitalists and big business.

"In short, once the minister was condemned for not doing these things, for opposing growing truth in his hide-bound dogmatism and being blind to social problems, and now he is condemned for being alive and alert to these very conditions. No wonder he is in a hard predicament, for he is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't."

Summing up the case, the Minneapolis *Journal* remarks:

"That the minister of our time is in a most baffling and heartbreaking situation, there can be no doubt. The deepest truths that he knows, he often can say nothing about, because his hearers would not know of what he spake. He wears himself to shreds serving tables in a world that will not listen to the word of God.

"But this is no new thing in human history. God's where He was, and the heart of man is restless till it rests in Him. Meantime the greater ethical emphasis in present-day religion is nearer to the spirit of the prophets and of Jesus Christ than the dogmatic Christianity of the fathers."

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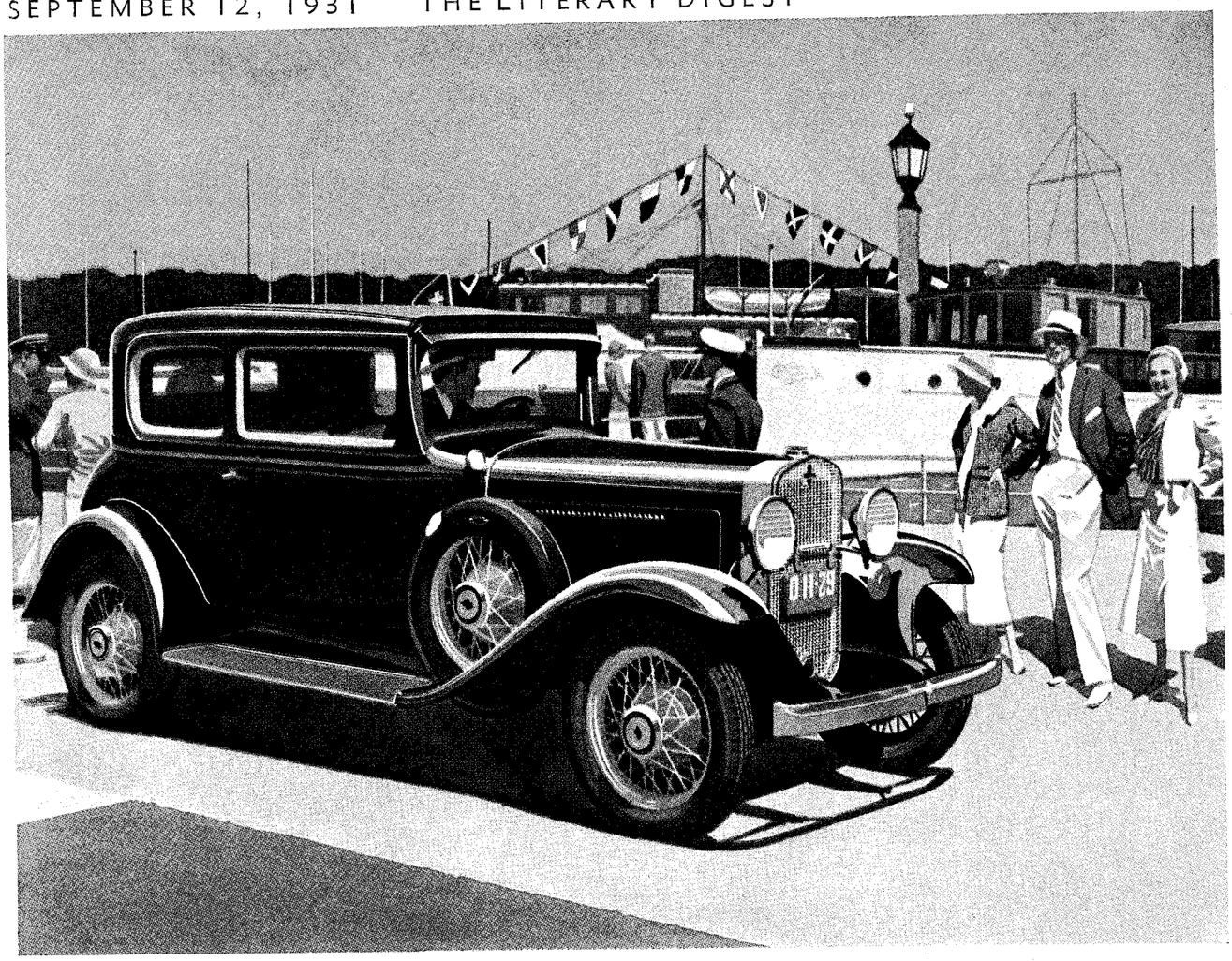

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New Low Prices—*Roadster,* ***$475****; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat),* ***$495****; Phaeton,* ***$510****; Standard Coupe,* ***$535****; Coach,* ***$545****; Standard Five-Window Coupe,* ***$545****; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat),* ***$575****; Five-Passenger Coupe,* ***$595****; Convertible Cabriolet,* ***$615****; Standard Sedan,* ***$635****; Special Sedan,* ***$650****; Convertible Landau Phaeton,* ***$650****. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet truck chassis,* ***$355*** *to* ***$590****. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.* Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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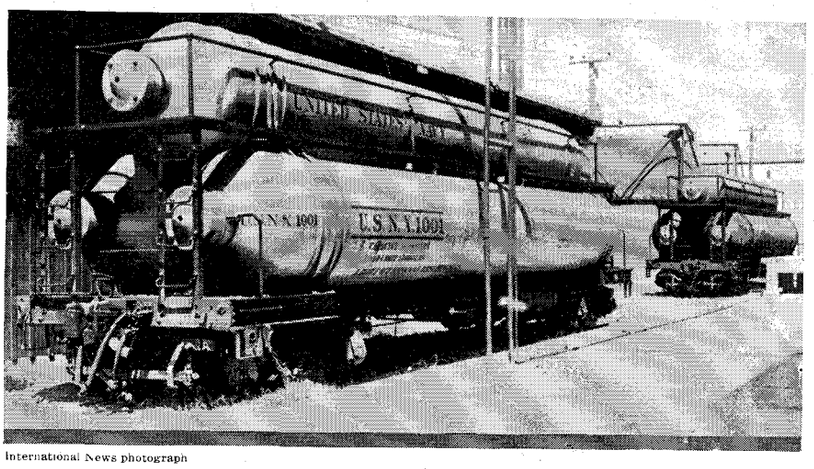
The Story of Helium

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC in the history of science, says Lord Rutherford, the English physicist, in a discourse at the Royal Institution of London.

First discovered, by means of the spectroscope, in the sun's atmosphere, it was later found on the earth, but in such small quantities that it was available only for laboratory experiments. A quart of it was precious "beyond rubies."

Now the discovery of more abundant sources, especially in the United States, has brought the annual production up to millions of cubic feet, and we are using it in airships as an uninflammable substitute for hydrogen. We quote below parts of an abstract of Lord Rutherford's address, printed in *Nature* (London). He said:



International News photograph

How Helium Travels by Rail

Specially built Army and Navy tank cars at the U. S. Bureau of Mines helium plant near Fort Worth, Texas.

"The discovery of helium presents some features of unusual interest. During an eclipse in 1868, Jansen and Lockyer noticed that the spectrum of the sun's chromosphere showed a bright yellow line of unknown origin. Later it was found that this line and others that accompanied it appeared not only in the sun, but also in many of the stars. Lockyer suggested that these lines were due to an undiscovered element, to which he gave the name helium.

"Shortly after the discovery of argon, Sir Henry Miers sent a letter (Feb. 1, 1895) to Ramsay pointing out that the American analyst Hillebrande had observed that a considerable quantity of gas, supposed to be nitrogen, was liberated by solution of certain minerals. Miers suggested that the gas might prove to be argon and not nitrogen. Following his suggestion, Ramsay purchased about a gram of the mineral cleveite from a dealer, for three shillings and sixpence, and proceeded to purify the gases evolved and to examine their spectra. A number of new lines were observed, and a spectrum tube containing the new gas temporarily called krypton by Ramsay was sent to Sir William Crookes for a detailed study of its spectrum. Crookes reported tersely, 'Krypton is helium; come and see it.' Less than two months had elapsed from the receipt of Miers's letter to the announcement in the Paris Academy of Sciences, on March 26, 1895, of the discovery of helium on the earth—a discovery of profound significance to the development of physics. We now know that it is the first of that remarkable group of inert monatomic gases, namely, helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon, and the radioactive emanations, which have played such an important part in helping to fix the arrangements of the electrons in the outer atom.

"In 1903, Ramsay and Soddy found that helium was produced by the transformation of radium. It is probable that the greater part, if not all, of the helium found in the earth and in the natural gases escaping from the earth owes its origin to particles expelled from the radioactive elements during their transformation in the earth's crust.

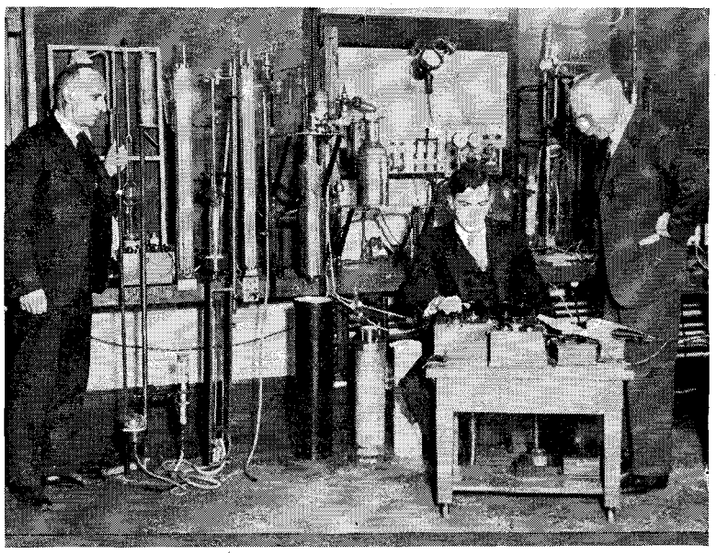
"It can be calculated that the energy released in the formation of one pound of helium corresponds to the energy liberated in the complete combustion of 10,000 tons of coal. There can be no doubt that helium is formed from hydrogen under some, as yet unknown, conditions in the stellar system. However, it has not yet been found possible to produce helium from hydrogen under laboratory conditions.

"Helium is the most difficult of all gases to produce in liquid form. This was first accomplished by the late Prof. Kamerlingh Onnes in his laboratory at Leyden in 1908, by using liquid hydrogen as a cooling agent. Helium liquefies at a temperature of about 4 degrees absolute, and is a clear, colorless liquid. In recent years, by using helium under pressure, Professor Keesom, of Leyden, succeeded in solidifying helium.

"Liquid helium thus provides a suitable method for the study of the effect of low temperatures on the properties of matter. One of the most striking observations is that certain metals become superconductors at such low temperatures, and show little if any resistance to the passage of an electrical current. Several laboratories have been instituted for the study of the effects of low temperatures on matter. Researches in the properties of matter at the lowest possible temperatures have already added widely to our knowledge in a number of important directions.

"Helium is present in our atmosphere in small quantity, about one part in 185,000 by volume. In the early days, most of the helium used for experimental purposes was obtained by heating radioactive minerals and particularly the mineral thorianite from Ceylon. It was also found that helium is often present in considerable quantity in the gases escaping from hot springs and the natural gases from the earth's crust.

"In 1914, Sir Richard Threlfall suggested to the Board of Inventions of the Admiralty that, on account of its lightness and non-inflammability, helium might prove of great service for balloons and airships. Prof. J. C. McLennan was asked to initiate experiments to see whether helium could be separated in quantity from the natural gases escaping from the earth in certain districts of Canada which were known to contain about 1 per cent. of helium by volume. Arrangements were made on a semicommercial scale to purify the helium by liquefying the



International News photograph

Liquefying Helium

Dr. H. C. Dickinson (left), chief of the heat and power division of the Bureau of Standards, was the first to liquefy helium in the United States.

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methane and other gases present. In this way, many thousands of cubic feet of helium were prepared and transported in cylinders at high pressure."

ABOUT the same time, Lord Rutherford goes on to say, the United States Bureau of Mines began similar experiments on a large scale, using the natural gases of Texas, which are rich in helium. Large quantities of helium were separated by liquefaction methods, and the cost of the helium was found to be sufficiently low to use it in airships in the place of hydrogen. He goes on:

"Apart from the cost of transport, the expense of separation of helium decreases with the concentration of the helium in the natural gases. The commercial prospects of the use of helium in airships and other purposes have led to a search for rich concentrations of helium.

"While most natural gases contain less than 1 per cent. of helium, much richer mixtures have been recently found by boring. One source in Grand County, Utah, has a helium content of 7 per cent. Another was found in Colorado yielding as high as 8 per cent. The gas appears at a depth of about 950 feet in what is known as the Wingate sand. The Helium Company has erected a plant at Thatcher, Colorado, for purification of the helium obtained from this source. Analysis shows that the gas contains 15 per cent. carbon dioxid, 8 per cent. helium, 1.75 per cent. methane, and the rest nitrogen. The plant installed has a capacity of about 600,000 cubic feet of the gas per day, corresponding to a possible annual production of 12 million cubic feet of helium. With such a rich helium mixture, the cost of separation should be much less than in the plants treating the natural gases of much lower helium content."

Adjustable Telescoping Radio Tower

A NEW ANTENNA ABOUT TO BE ERECTED on the roof of the Shortwave and Television Corporation's building in Boston, instead of being composed of two towers which support wires, reverses the idea, and consists of a tower supported by wires.

It is claimed to be the first antenna of its kind in the United States for a commercial station, a new departure and a marked improvement. To quote a press bulletin issued by Television News Service (Boston):

"Since an antenna is metal and antenna towers are also metal, the thought may have occurred that the antenna tower should be sufficient for an antenna without adding wire. This is the basic idea behind this new antenna, altho it is not as simple as it sounds. The ideal way would be to have a wire which would stand up straight.

"Since a wire will not stand up straight, the next best thing is to erect a shaft which will; and this new antenna looks like a slim, crisscrossed construction derrick boom, being wider in the middle than at either end, since most of the strain comes at the middle. This structure is made of galvanized iron, which is a good conductor, but aluminum rods running up in the corners carry most of the actual current. The main tower is 163 feet high, with a telescoping tube arrangement which permits it to be stretched up to 240 feet. It will be used at a height of 180 feet by the station, and this shaft, being easily moved, can be adjusted so that the antenna is tuned to use the right wave-length or frequency without extra apparatus, thereby tuning by telescoping.

"To keep the tower erect, three sets of guy wires are used. These are made in three non-resonant sections each, insulated one from another so that they will not absorb any of the antenna energy. A self-supporting base would bring the capacity too near to the ground and a loss would result. Thus, a small end on the bottom of the tower is necessary.

"In order to permit the swinging of this guyed structure, the tower must be mounted on a swivel joint which must in turn be insulated completely from the ground and yet have a strong, anchoring strength, a rather difficult piece of engineering in itself.

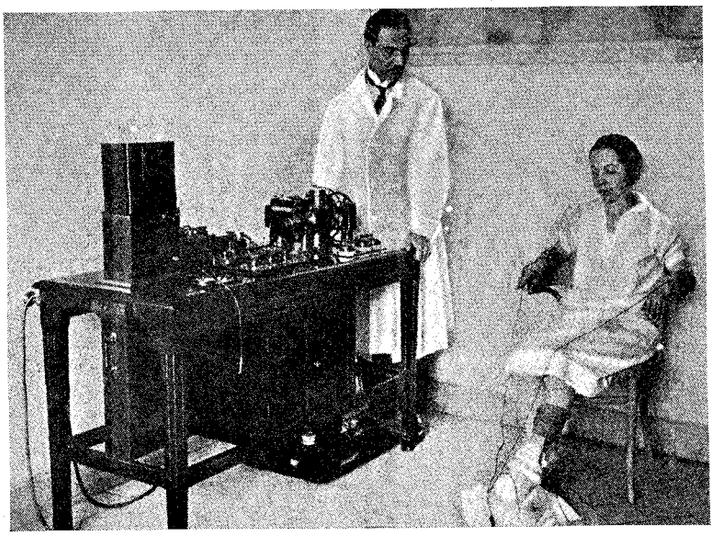
"This all has been perfected. The results of this antenna system will be a 40 per cent. increase in effective power and the elimination of the so-called sky-wave, thereby greatly reducing fading and signal distortion."

Testing the Heart With Its Own Electric Currents

THE MACHINE NAMED the electrocardiograph enables the heart to write its autobiography.

The principle on which it works was discovered in 1903, but it has only lately become common in hospitals and physicians' offices.

Even now, patients who are tested with it do not always understand that the electric currents that actuate it come directly from their own heart-beats and not from any external source.



Testing a Patient's Heart With the Electrocardiograph

According to Jean Labadie, who describes the device in *Science et Monde* (Paris) not only the heart but every bodily organ is a dynamo, and it is possible that this system of self-recording by electricity may be greatly extended in the future. We read:

"A man's entire body is an electric machine.

"You make a gesture by muscular contraction. This represents an expenditure of energy that was latent in the organism, where it was accumulated by the food that you had eaten. The muscular work is an effect due to food energy, just as that of a steam-engine is due to fuel energy.

"Nevertheless it is essential to note that the living machine functions at a constant temperature, while the thermic motor requires a fall of temperature, as great as possible, between boiler and condenser.

"Here would be an insoluble enigma did we not know that the electric battery transforms energy in quite a different way from a heat-engine. Some physiologists would compare the striated muscular tissue to a voltaic battery. And within the living cell itself they have discovered the elements of a chemical pile capable of furnishing a 'difference of potential,' and hence an electric current.

"So muscular contraction involves an electric discharge. The gymnotus electric eel and the torpedo-ray can produce this at a tension and with an intensity sufficient to paralyze their enemies."

THIS theory of electricity as the basal motive force of every living organ, and particularly of the muscles, has logically brought about, says the writer, a revision of the methods of medical observation. He explains:

"To every functional disturbance of an organ, there must correspond some anomaly in the currents that it engenders. Notably we have in our bodies a central muscle so extraordinary that it works continuously, without rest, for a lifetime; namely, the heart.

"What a marvelous service of information must lie in the diagram of its currents! The problem is to capture them and record their variations precisely. As their tension is measured in thousandths of a volt, the delicacy of such an operation may be appreciated.

"There is no possibility, of course, at least in the case of man, of penetrating the heart with needles attached to conducting

(*Continued on page 28*)

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43 CUSHIONS OF RUBBER BETWEEN YOU AND THE ROAD . . . . . .

You get riding comfort in Pontiac, and you don't have to pay a lot for it, either. Pontiac costs just a little more than the lowest-priced cars, and yet . . .

You find cushions of rubber preventing metal contacts at 43 points—taking up road shocks and vibration. *That* says pleasant riding, doesn't it?

You get four hydraulic shock absorbers which are not just "accessories," but are built in so that they gently equalize the spring action. Another real advantage—*especially on rough roads!*

You learn that the springs themselves are long, flexible, and nicely adapted to the car's weight.

Because of long wheelbase, you find ample provision for riding comfort there, too.

Driving the Pontiac, you feel how securely it holds the road. There is adequate weight and the car is finely balanced and soundly built throughout.

Expecting much of the Fisher Body, you get *more.* . . . Seat cushions rest on springs of the "tied-down" type found in fine chairs. Body insulation plus snug windows and doors shuts out heat, cold and dampness. Upholstery is genuine mohair or whipcord. Notice the many little refinements, too, such as the non-glare windshield, "smoked" rear-vision mirror, and toe-button light control.

DEPENDABILITY, TOO

Pontiac's engine is big and powerful enough to do anything you ask—smoothly, without overworking. It's built for a long, long life of faithful service.

Pontiac's braking power is obvious the moment you feel the big, easy-working brakes grip the wheels.

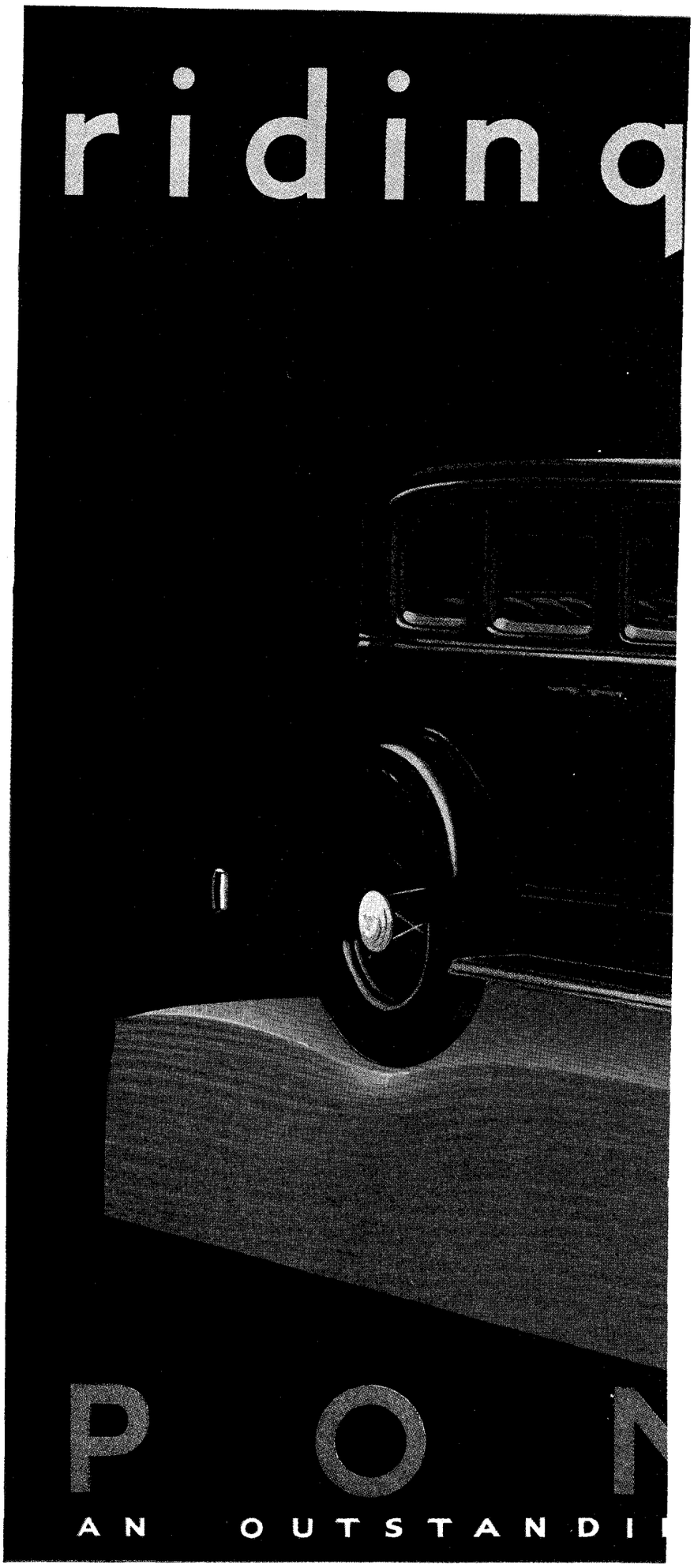
And of course many things of which you are hardly aware—such as electroplated pistons in matched sets, and the hairbreadth accuracy of bearings and crankshaft and all moving parts—are mighty important factors in Pontiac's mile-after-mile dependability!

* * *

The low price your dealer quotes on Pontiac is the price *delivered* to you with full factory equipment, including front and rear bumpers, four shock absorbers, five wire wheels, and extra tire, tube, and tire lock . . . convenient G. M. A. C. terms if you want to purchase on deferred payments.

Drive a Pontiac. Experience its riding comfort—its reliability. You'll call it an outstanding value.

OAKLAND 8—PONTIAC 6
TWO FINE CARS



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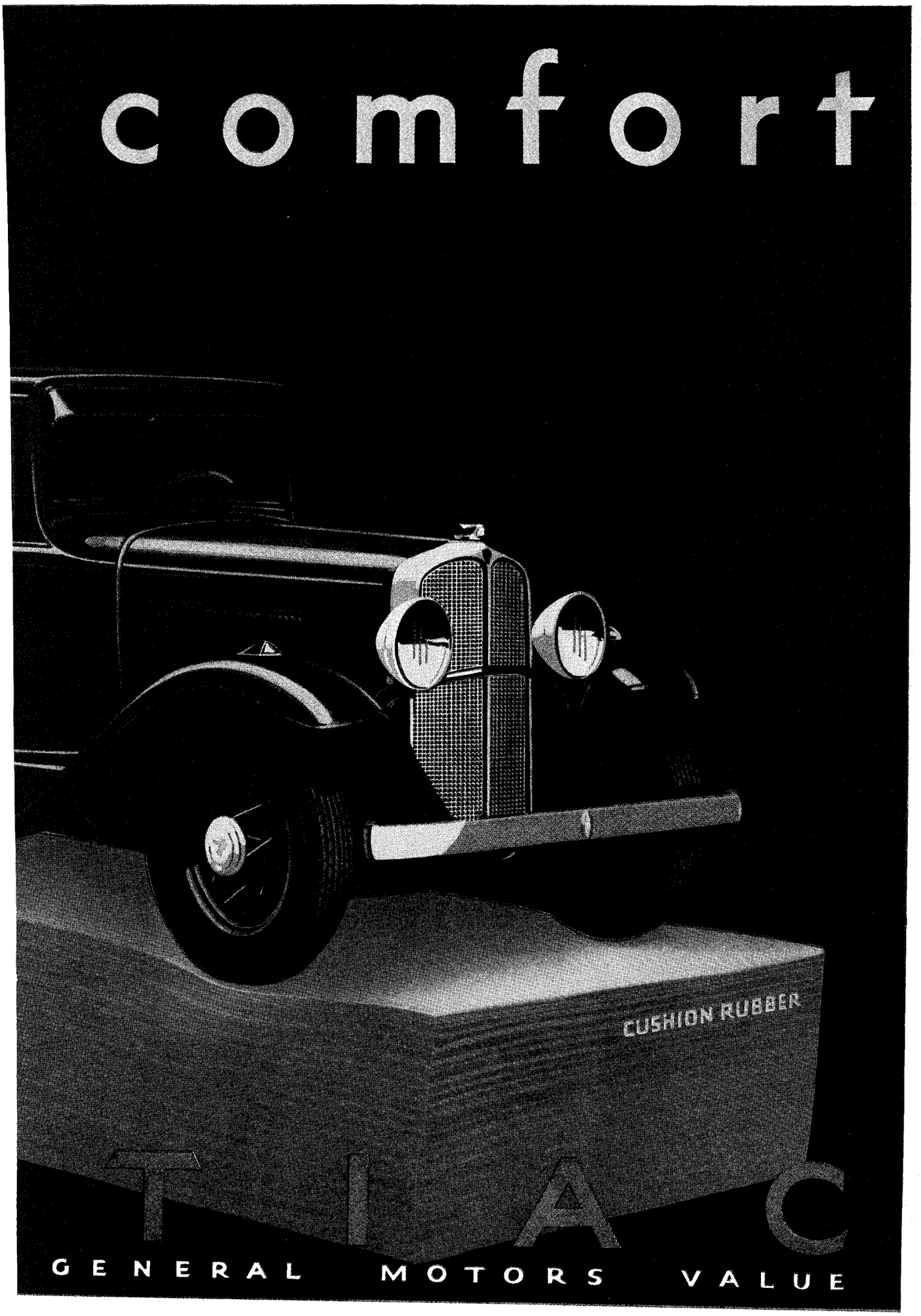

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Firestone One-Stop Service is the most modern, convenient, and economical service car owners have ever known — pioneered by Firestone and Firestone Dealers — providing the complete line of Firestone products and every service your car requires, except mechanical repairs — all under one roof.

FIRESTONE HIGH SPEED TIRES

The Safest Tires in the World

SAFEST because of the inbuilt construction features — Gum-Dipped Cords, the Double Cord Breaker, and Tougher, Thicker Non-Skid Tread. These give you extra values resulting in greatest safety, mileage, comfort, and economy.

58%	longer flexing life in every cord
56%	stronger bond between tread and cord body
26%	greater protection against punctures and blowouts
25%	longer non-skid wear
25%	to 40% longer tire life

Firestone Batteries, Firestone Brake Lining, Firestone Spark Plugs, Firestone Rims, Firestone Accessories—Gasoline—Oil and Lubrication. Every Firestone product gives greatest values because of Firestone economies in buying, manufacturing, and distributing.

Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers have a complete line of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for you to choose from —a tire to meet every price and service requirement. They also sell and Service

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community today and see the Extra Values you get by equipping your car with Firestone Products.

Firestone Service Stores *and* Service Dealers Save You Money *and* Serve You Better

Fire

MOST MILES

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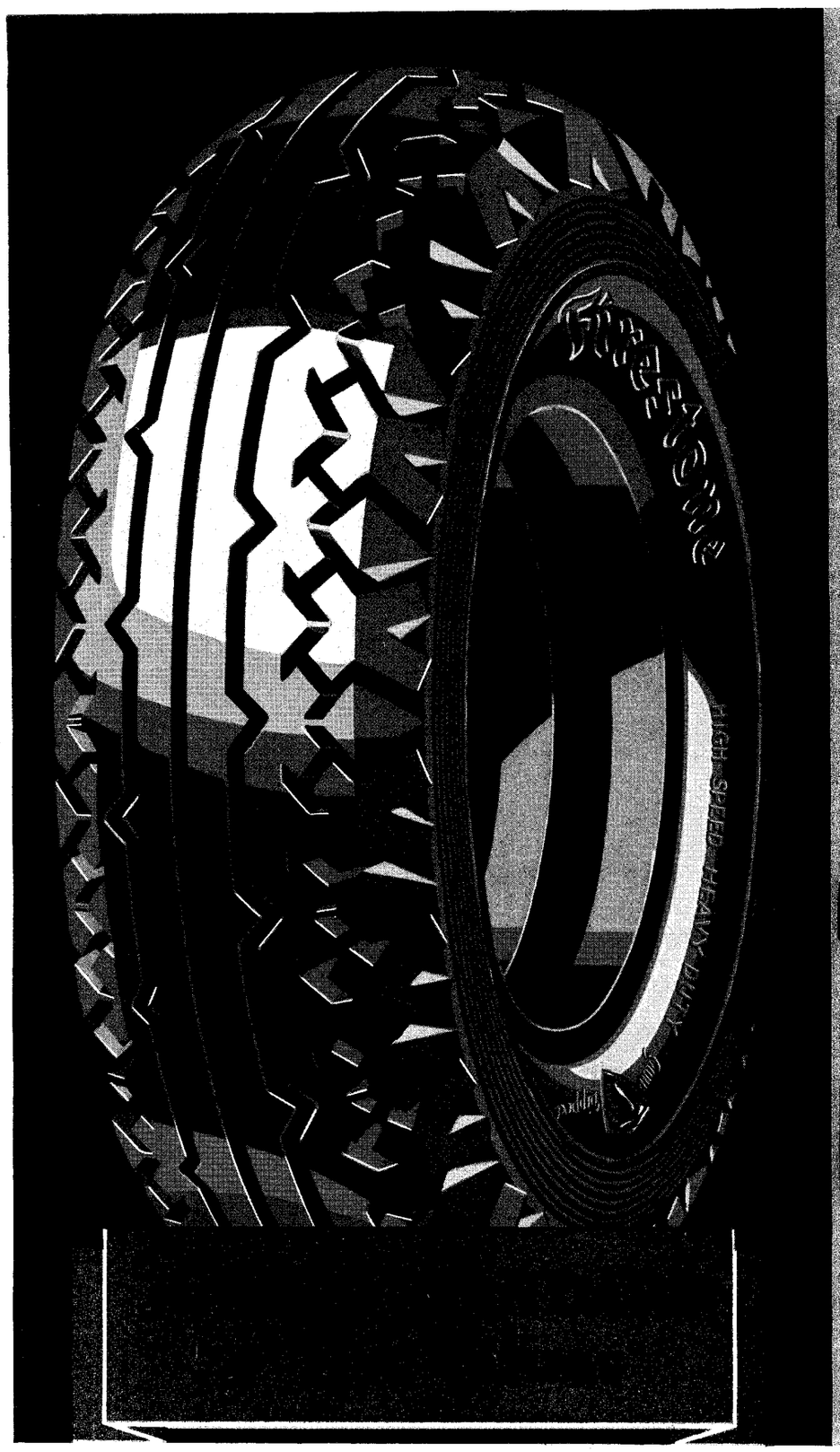
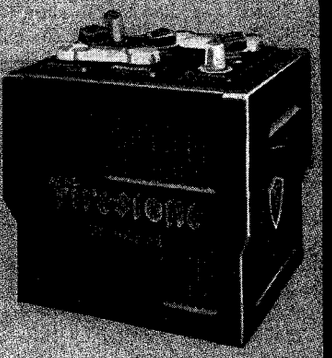




Firestone Batteries

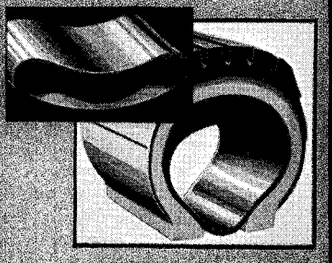
Firestone construction gives extra values and assures dependable power and long life.

Firestone Spark Plugs

Power sealed and double tested—specially designed for modern high speed motors.

Firestone Brake Lining

Made of highest quality asbestos—molded and woven—for every type of brake, giving sure, smooth stops.



Firestone Puncture Proof Tubes

Prevent punctures—save time and money—increase tire mileage. For every type of service—passenger, truck or bus.

stone

PER DOLLAR

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(*Continued from page 23*)

wires. But the cardiac currents may be picked up on the surface of the body. In the diagram, the currents are formed between the two points A and B, which are the poles of this living dynamo. They are intermittent, like the contractions of the heart itself.

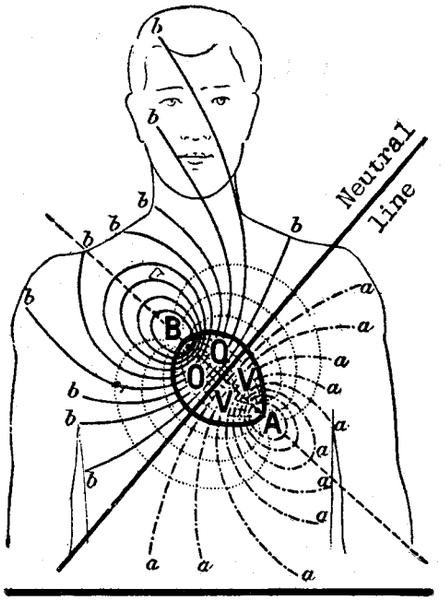
"But these currents diffuse through the flesh as shown by the lines of equal electric tension on the diagram. By joining with a wire any two points of different tension, a current is obtained.

"The strongest current is obtained by joining the right wrist to the left ankle, because these regions always have electric tensions of opposite sign.

"The electrocardiograph, whose principle was discovered in 1903 by the Dutch physiologist Einthoven, records automatically the variations of the current.

"Cloths moistened with salt water, placed on the selected spots, act as electrodes through which the body-currents enter the circuit prepared to receive them. This passes into a tiny thread of silvered quartz, stretched between the poles of a powerful electromagnet. The thread is deviated to right or left, according to the direction of the current through it, and the amount of the displacement measures, at every instant, the strength of the current. The quartz fiber thus vibrates in exact accord with the heart-beats that generate the current.

"It remains only to throw the shadow of the vibrating fiber, by means of an intense light, on a moving cinematograph film and the heart-beats are recorded in a manner that is easy to interpret."



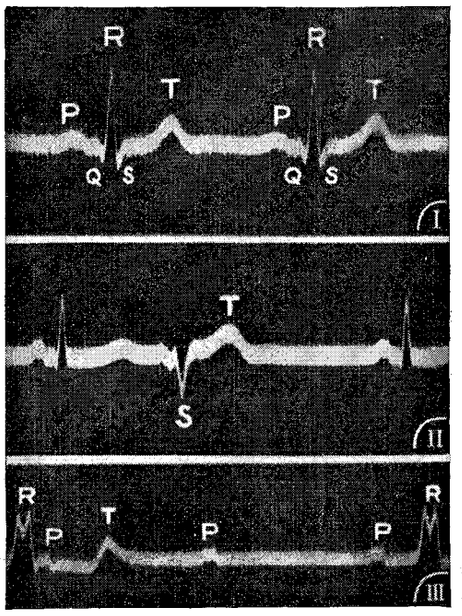
Heart Currents

A, B, electric poles, A corresponding to the auricles and B to the ventricles. The currents follow the dotted lines. The lines a and b are lines of equal tension. Joining any two on the skin picks up a current.

THE record shows that the heart-current is characterized by a preliminary variation at P, followed by another in the opposite sense at Q, and then a third, very violent, at R. Others at S and T complete the cycle, which is indefinitely repeated. The second and third records show the effects of disease, as more definitely explained in the legend. We read further:

"It is not possible by listening to the heart-beat in the old way to detect, even with the aid of instruments, all the delicate movements of our central motor. These are revealed by the electrocardiograph, by whose aid the exact response of the organ to different treatments may be studied.

"Beginning with the study of the heart, electrodiagnostics should logically be extended, little by little, to the whole body. Thus we find ourselves on the threshold of an exact science of medicine."



Heart-Beat Records Taken With the Electrocardiograph

Point P shows the simultaneous contraction of the two "auricles," the other points to that of the "ventricles." The second record, that of a diseased heart, shows a supplementary contraction of the right ventricle. The third, also diseased, shows the points P twice as numerous as they ought to be. The beat is hence irregular, and the owner of the heart may faint at any moment.

Neon Lights at Home

NEON-TUBE lighting, which heretofore has been confined to signs and decorations, is now being developed for home and offices, we are told in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). Says this magazine:

"Aside from its economy of operation, it possesses a softness not found in other forms of illumination. Georges Claude, noted French engineer, has made a light for interior use that operates directly from low-voltage house current like an ordinary incandescent bulb. It consists of a coiled glass tubing containing a combination of rare gases, and is about the size of the usual light bulb. It can be placed in the ceiling, on wall brackets, or in table or floor lamps."

The Mysteries of Taste

IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED by Dr. A. F. Blakeslee and his associates at the laboratories of the Carnegie Institution at Cold Spring Harbor that a certain chemical is tasteless to some people while to others it has the bitter taste of quinin. This emphasizes, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, how little science really knows about this one of the five conventional senses. It goes on:

"Were there chemicals invisible to two-thirds of the population, while the other third were able to see them, that fact would have been run down to its ultimate causes long ago. The conventional scientific idea is that there exists only a limited number of tastes—sweet, sour, salty, bitter, and perhaps two or three others, like the hot taste of pepper or the slippery feeling of olive oil on the tongue. Other flavors, this theory says, are combinations of taste and smell, the odor of the substance in the mouth penetrating to the nerves in the nose. If one happens to lack the particular set of tongue nerves, the duty of which is to taste things that are bitter, a bitter substance that also is odorless might turn out, as in the tests of the Carnegie scientists, not to be perceptible at all.

"There is hope, it is announced, that this discovery of possible lack of one feature of normal taste sense may be turned to practical account in the determination of paternity, a problem over which both scientists and jurists long have puzzled. The special character of lacking this taste, or the opposite character of having it, presumably would be inherited, like others of what biologists call 'unit characters.' Presence or absence of these in supposed child or parent might be significant. It is probable, however, that the problem will not turn out to be quite so simple. Biological matters seldom are, especially in human biology, where all bodily reactions are so profoundly subject to interference from the brain."

JUST as smell and taste get confused in the recognition of flavors, so we are subject continually to other mixtures of the senses, says the writer. There is recorded, for example, the experiment of the rose-perfumed lemon.

"An ordinary lemon was freed by a chemical solvent of virtually all smell of lemon oil. It then was perfumed with a trace of oil of rose, and people were allowed to smell it. Every one recognized that something was wrong. This was no ordinary lemon. Some thought that it smelled like an orange; some that it was spoiled; some that it smelled like lemon candy instead of like the fresh fruit. The real trouble, of course, was that the eye image of a lemon was clashing in the brain with the nose image of a rose. Unable to find any one pigeonhole of memory into which both these images would fit, the bewildered brain tossed the whole mess into any pigeonhole that was handy, as if a postal clerk, unable to read the address on a letter, should drop it into somebody's box at random to get it out of the way. Probably the complex brain centers of the individuals who can taste or can not taste Dr. Blakeslee's chemical will turn out to have something to do with the result, as well as the simple taste nerves in the tongue."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

EASIER might lie the head of the poet about whom his friend writes this, appearing in the New York *Times:*

REQUIEM FOR A YOUNG POET

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

They pause beside your grave and, pitying, pass
Lightly as wind along the grass.
'Ah, life's bright coins unspent, its songs unsung!"
They say of you who died so young.

They have not seen you take the road at dawn
With sunrise in your face, the wind upon
Your eager shoulders like a shining cloak,
Marsh lilies incense drifting thin as smoke
Along the hot road where cool shadows were laid
In patterns like a green brocade.
They have not seen you wade knee-deep
In tides of asters pale as sleep,
Nor in the sunset followed where
You drank its gold wine, crystal-clear.

They cannot know how in the dusk you came
Calling each slumbering flower by name,
Watching them waking, shaking the dew,
Speaking their fragile words to you.
They have not seen you go when evening fell
Softly as music of an unrung bell,
Into the darkness singing a poet's tune,
Filling your eyes with the light of the moon,
Counting the stars and watching them dim
As day came over the night's blue rim.

They weep for you and, pitying, pass
Lightly as wind along the grass.
'Ah, life's bright coins unspent, its songs unsung!"
They say of you who died so young.

THE repeating round of day, of season, of life brings humility to the poet. In *Scribner's:*

ALWAYS, ALWAYS

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

Always, always, it will be thus: the sun
Unfolded like a blinding marigold,
The bright noon's fiery embers swiftly done
And twilight scattering shadows blue and cold.
April upon the bough and all too brief,
The ripened fruit and leaves that bleed and burn,
Young lovers with their passions and their grief,
Age hoarding dreams like petals in an urn.
Always, always, it has been thus since Time
Unloosed the emerald rhythms of the sea,
Since first the white-winged moon began to climb
The purple night. Beloved, and what are we
But less than the dark quiver of a flower,
Ve with our little words, our little hour?

AN artless, but human, expression that savors of country life. In *Kaleidoscope:*

FOR A FIRST NIGHT IN HEAVEN

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

You see, dear Lord, Miss Sally never married.
And though she rocked many a babe to sleep,
They were merely loaned, they were not hers
To look upon with mother pride, and keep.
She nursed new babies fully forty years—
She loved them when they smiled and when they cried.
I know tonight she'll miss her little ones,
For just an hour ago Miss Sally died.
She was my friend, and sensing how she feels,
I thought I'd write a note to tell you this;
So if you see her weeping you will know
She wants a little one to soothe and kiss.

On her first night in Heaven, please, dear Lord,
Give her a tiny one to rock to sleep—
She'd rather have it than a golden harp.
She'll understand it's not her own to keep.

THE brave dash to conquer the sea—the slow acceptance of the unconquerable sea—and the dream—what truer presentation of swimming? From *The Saturday Review* (London):

THE SWIMMERS

BY ELIZABETH TATCHELL

Down to the water's edge they run,
The eager, laughing, gay-clad swimmers,
Into the brave eye of the sun
And the golden light-drenched air.
Scarcely they hesitate, but plunge
Swift to the breathless sea that shimmers
With million sparks of brightness. Bare
Limbs cleave the ripples with a lunge,
Break through the lacing foam that's flung
Brilliantly white against the blue,
Slow-falling, pendant, jewel-hung.
Now in the widening track that follows
Quenched is the flame of their ecstasy,
Slower the brown arms lift, till through
Cool circles curved, like darting swallows
Their bodies yield to the waiting sea.
At length they turn and wade content,
Dream-laden from the wave's caress,
To find in vision transient
A world new-washed in loveliness.

A SCIENTIST becomes mystic while being "stirred by the startled hours" of late night on Southern paths. In the St. Louis *Times:*

NIGHT ON SOUTHERN PATHS

BY ROY E. BUREN

Paths, Southern paths, which face a fevered night,
I roam with feet of wild activity
While wondering what her head a-pillowed white
Is dreaming. With her spirit moving me
I then can travel, wandering in a dream
Along tired trails which heard gray soldiers tread
Reflectively beside a pine-green stream,
Where sentinel stars once viewed an army dead.

If we pledge love to love while thus bestowing
Our heritage upon a distant place,
How oft shall our swift spirits hither going
See ardent lovers these green trails retrace!
Ten thousand generations we shall see
As through an endless Night you roam with me.

ANSWERING certain letters is a pleasure, others something of a bore. The London *Spectator* brings forth Mr. Squire as one who finds writing all letters irksome, but in different degrees:

A BALLADE OF ONE-SIDED CORRESPONDENCE

BY J. C. SQUIRE

"Dear Smith"—No I won't, once again I decide,
  (You've been waiting, you say, for a year more or less)
I know I've not answered, I've not even tried,
  (Dear, dear! And you "sent it by special express!")
  Tot homines quot—as for me, I confess,
I never was one of your Yankee go-getters.
  I remember your name and I've got your address,
But you mustn't *expect* me to answer your letters.

Yes, I daresay you wrote, though I never replied,
  If you did I feel sure—as no doubt you will guess—
That I read your epistle with pleasure and pride:
  Why, yes, I recall it: you'd got in a mess
  In a Dive—I assumed you had drunk to excess—
I was sorry to hear you'd lost one of your setters,
  Though your wife's death occasioned me little distress
But you mustn't expect me to *answer* your letters.

As for you, Mr. Snip, you've a very thick hide,
  And are utterly blind to the claims of noblesse.
Were you not you would know that I'm hopelessly tied:
  Can't you see, you dam fool, that a fellow *must* dress?
  It's grossly uncivil thus often to press,
You ought to be proud that I'm one of your debtors:
  I may settle at last if it comes to duress,
But you mustn't expect me to answer *your* letters.

ENVOI

No man ever loved you as I do, Princess,
  I'm an absolute slave and rejoice in my fetters:
Take my heart and my hand and my fortune, sweet Bess,
  But you mustn't expect me to answer your letters.

INSTEAD of setting up an ideal the writer in *Harper's* rather pictures something not to emulate:

THE RATIONAL MAN

BY J. C. SQUIRE

Friend, safe, be certain, you may feel
  With me to sleep and drink and eat;
I do not want enough to steal,
  I do not care enough to cheat.

I do not hate enough to fight,
  Nor love enough, nor yet believe;
And having Birth and Death in sight,
  Why should I trouble to deceive?

Credit me not with tenderness,
  Nor yet with generosity;
Casual and cold is my excess,
  And pitiless my charity.

Sin does not lure me, and I find
  This easiest: to live by rule,
And leave adventure to the blind,
  Vice to the mazed and fevered fool.

THE desert gives room for meditation, and *Scribner's* reveals the thoughts awakened there in a tortured soul:

STRIDE ON THE DESERT

BY NORMAN MACLEOD

The desert is a long way in a day's journey.
One ridge is cut from the pattern of
The arroyo before it: there is no countenance
To shadow discovery.
There is much time to wrap with my thoughts
A blanket around me.
The pace of the sands is as certain
As my stride on the desert.
I hollow my life and pick the fragments up.
There is nobody to gainsay my following.
I hold myself within the grip of my arm.
Morning or evening there is no yellow wind
Like my sorrow: I do not speak of this
To another.
In the firelight there is space for my smoke
To rise into starlight.
There are buttes and monuments for my grief.
They have spoken before me.

IN *Poetry* (Chicago) we read this:

GULL

BY KENNETH SLADE ALLING

The broken sea is but
A comb to comb his breast,
Who takes, with gull wings shut,
Tumultuously his rest,
Riding the height or hollow—
His body born to be
A subtle fire to follow
The great flame of the sea.

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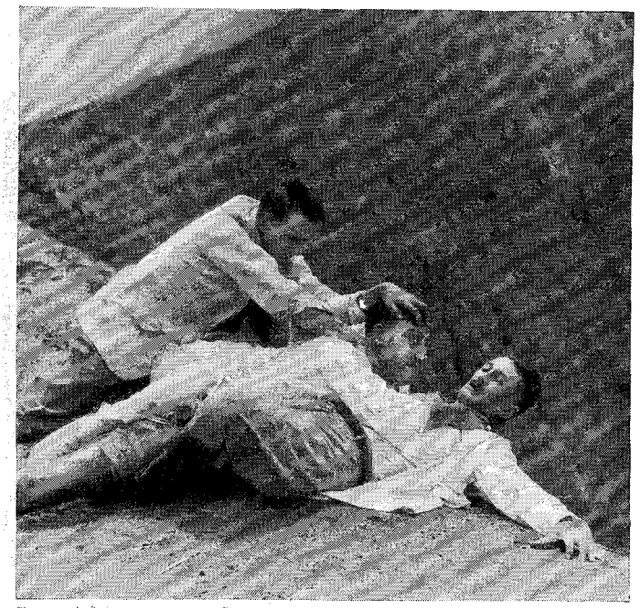
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Grappling on the Rim of Krakatoa's Brother

A BOTTOMLESS PIT OF BOILING MUD belched up its fumes a thousand feet below.

On the other side of the perilous ledge the volcano's cone fell away steeply some eight hundred feet to the Sand Sea, a deceptive expanse glittering with myriads of lava splinters as sharp as lancets.

Between those two abysses, on the thin lip of Mount Bromo's crater, two reckless Britons were locked in a violent scuffle.



Photographs by arrangement with C. Lestock Reid

Will He Go Over Into the Boiling Crater?

Not unless there's an accident, for the scenario says otherwise.

They had journeyed to Java for the purpose—had climbed Bromo with that desperate conflict in view.

One of them, the victor, was C. Lestock Reid, who now tells the story in *The Cornhill Magazine*. He wears after his name the imposing initials F. R. G. S. and F. R. E. S. But despite his fellowships in royal learned societies, geographical and entomological, his main business on the volcano was to play the hero in a British movie.

Yes, gentle reader, you have guessed it—he recovered "the papers" from the villain, who was launched to a horrible doom.

But altho the fight on the volcano was staged for the camera, with a predetermined end, it was beset with dangers and difficulties so treacherous that only by great good luck did the hero escape the doom in actuality that had been designed in terms of movie artifice for the villain alone.

Sulfurous and simmering Bromo is one of the most dreaded of Java's 125 volcanoes, thirteen of which are active. All are subterranean brothers of Krakatoa, the world's champion fire mountain, which rules the waves near by in the Strait of Sunda. In 1883 it blew up in a salvo of explosions lasting for days and heard over thousands of miles, raising tidal waves which engulfed 36,400 persons and swept around the globe. Clouds of Krakatoa's dust are sometimes believed to be still adrift in the upper atmosphere, and are accused once in a while of modifying climate here or there by intercepting the sunshine.

However that may be, Mr. Reid takes off his hat to Bromo as one of the world's most impressive volcanoes after Krakatoa. Yet, he tells us, "it is only one of two subsidiary cones in a titanic, long-extinct crater which in its day must have been a veritable lake of fire, but is now a flat expanse of dried mud and powdered lava known as the Sand Sea. To reach it one stays at a delightful little mountain village called Tosari, where one may hire ponies to carry one over the fifteen miles of appalling roads that lie between village and volcano."

Skipping the details of that wild ride, we come to Mr. Reid's brief summary of the movie story to be developed on Bromo. With true British reserve he names his fellow actors by initials only. They might be sensitive about publicity. Anyhow:

A villainous person represented by K—— (who certainly succeeded in looking the part before the day was over) had escaped with some vital papers by airplane, which the pursuers, M—— and myself, had managed to shoot down—very conveniently in view of the need for an impressive background—from another airplane. The first thing to take, therefore, was K——'s arrival on terra firma, and he brought off an extremely lifelike imitation of a man falling from some height on to the floor of the Sand Sea at his first attempt.

Here Mr. Reid tells us of the lancets of lava, adding:

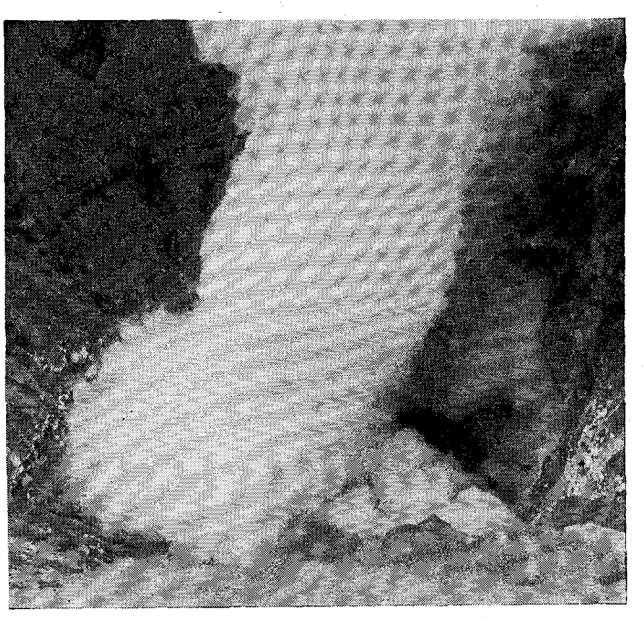
He cut his knee badly, and when he put his hand down to help himself up, he cut that too. A retake would have been, to put it mildly, uncomfortable.

We decided to go easy on actual falls, and spent the next hour or so on various shots of the chase over the lower slopes of the volcano, during which M—— was supposed to sprain his ankle, not a difficult thing to do on that appalling surface. Then, leaving the ponies in a deep, dry water- (lava?) course, sheltered from the bitter wind, we climbed the outer wall of the crater to do the greatest scene of all, the *pièce de résistance* of the whole film.

The Dutch (to whom Java belongs) have built a staircase with a concrete and iron balustrade. Up this we climbed painfully—there are 251 steps, all very high ones, and to be 10,000 feet above sea-level does not facilitate breathing at the best of times—to emerge at last on a small ledge not more than twelve feet wide, a veritable threshold of the Door of Hell.

THERE they could hear the "simmering and murmuring" of the boiling mud hidden by clouds of steam so far below them on the other side of the wall. To fall in front meant being cut to ribbons on the Sand Sea, to fall behind meant being cooked to rags in the crater. Every man to his taste. Apparently Mr. Reid and K—— decided to keep their footing on the ledge, if they could do so without spoiling the realism of the fight. Of which we now read:

A moment before we would have given a good deal to go down the stairway and home to Tosari; a moment later in the excitement of the struggle, which in some strange fashion had become



The Crater of Seething Mud 1,000 Feet Below

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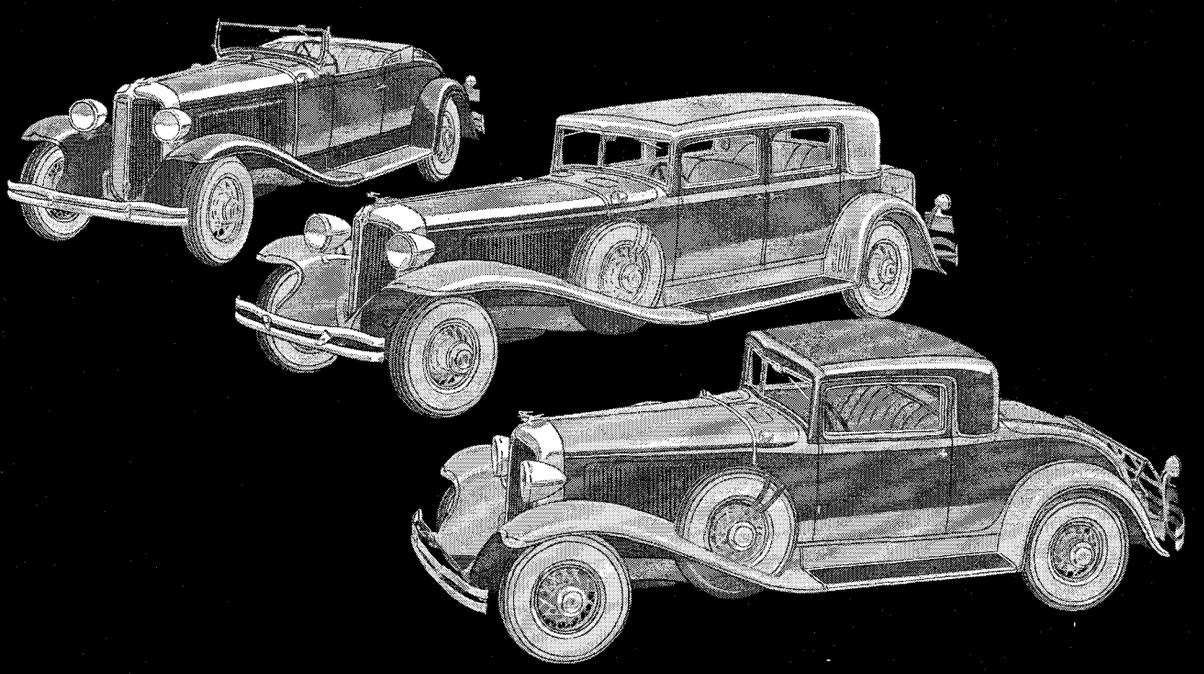
CHRYSLER
EIGHTS & SIXES



TOP: CHRYSLER SIX ROADSTER
CENTER: CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT CLOSE COUPLED SEDAN
LOWER: CHRYSLER EIGHT DELUXE COUPE

For Real *Enjoyment—Own a Chrysler*

THE DIFFERENCE between Chrysler cars and other cars is not merely an outer difference in style—but an inner difference in *engineering*, with delightfully different *results*.

Livelier power. Snappier pick-up. Smoother speed. Greater flexibility. Greater steadiness on the road. Quicker, quieter gear-shifting. Safer brakes.

Make your own tests and comparisons in a demonstration of your own choosing.

At $885 to $935, there is the Chrysler Six in a choice of four body types—a beautiful car and an outstanding value. A fine, big Six of 116-inch wheelbase; with a staunch double-drop frame and low center of gravity; with a very quiet 78-horsepower engine; with safety bodies of steel—steel all around, rigidly welded into one piece; with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—and with Chrysler's perfected Free Wheeling optional at slight extra cost.

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At $2745 to $3145, there is the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight, with four sumptuous body types — finest, fastest, largest Chrysler ever built. 145-inch wheelbase. 125 horsepower. Winner of *twelve* official A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records.

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Drive a Chrysler and learn the difference.

CHRYSLER SIX . . $885 to $935
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DE LUXE . . . . $1525 to $1585
(Five wire wheels standard; six wire wheels $35 extra)
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real, we had forgotten everything save the necessity of seizing or of retaining that portfolio. It sounds incredible, but it remains a fact which K—— would bear out.

We were brought back to remarkably grim reality by a warning shout from one of the Indian servants, and looking down, found the crater literally beneath our feet, which were already half over the crumbling edge.

"For God's sake, look out!" I shouted. "We're over."

We unclinched by mutual, tacit, instantaneous consent and hurled ourselves backward. K—— was caught by one of the servants and subsided, ungently but safely, on the platform. I was less lucky. In the panic desire to escape that yawning crater, I forgot the other edge.

And went over it.

Tho this side was not sheer, the slope was so steep that, once one started rolling down it, only one thing short of a miracle would stop one; and that one thing, after about twenty painful feet and the worst few seconds of my life, I struck and, striking, clung to, as a drowning man clings to a spar, the balustrade of the staircase.

That is why I am more grateful than most people to the man who built it. If he had not built it, if I had rolled the other way—well, this article would never have been written, at least not by me.

After a brief period spent in pleased amazement at being alive after all, I climbed on to the staircase and back to the ledge, where I insisted, politely but firmly, that we had expended quite enough feet on that phase of the struggle. M——, who was producer as well as actor, was inclined to disagree, but K——, not unnaturally, backed me up nobly.

"You do your share of this blinking wrestling match," we suggested in unison. "And then see what you think about retakes."

So the stage was set again, this time with K—— and Mr. Reid struggling on the ground. As per story, Mr. Reid tells us, "he gradually asserted his superior strength, got uppermost, and slowly forced me backward into the crater till my shoulders were over the edge, an unpleasant position which I bore with comparative equanimity because of the comforting knowledge that there was, this time, a rope round my ankles, held up by a stout coolie." But, he adds:

I confess to a moment's apprehension as to how that gentleman's mental or physical equipment, neither apparently very great, would react to a sudden jerk on the rope. Anyhow, it was not put to the test. When M—— (in the story) came to my rescue, I was able to roll out of danger and the eye of the camera, leaving him and K—— to finish their fictitious argument to everybody's satisfaction and with no further moments of extreme danger, tho none of it was exactly safe.

So to the supreme moment of all, where the baffled villain falls backward into the abyss. K—— had a bad moment when, in a close-up, he had to throw up his arms and fall backward away from the camera and toward the crater's edge, an expression of frantic, desperate terror in his face: and, altho I and an Indian servant, crouching down by the tripod, had each firm hold of one of his ankles, it is perhaps not altogether surprizing that the said expression was singularly lifelike.

The actual shots of his body as it hurtled, twisting and turning, into the ghastly furnace below were, of course, done by means of a dummy; a dummy which displayed a most human unwillingness to play its part. It would insist on sticking on a narrow ledge about thirty feet down, but not far enough to be out of the picture, and no self-respecting film hero could leave his enemy thus poised midway to destruction, quite apart from the fact that the ledge was obviously too narrow and brittle to hold a real body.

We were all agreed on that point. The point we were not agreed on was who should go down and fetch it back again. Each of us produced cogent arguments why the other man should go, till what might have been an interminable discussion on the subject was diverted by one of the coolies volunteering to go down himself. Nobody argued with him. We merely insisted on tying a rope round his waist, tho he was perfectly ready to make the descent without, for those Tosari coolies, their hard bare toes giving them an extraordinary grip on the rough lava, treat the volcano with complete levity.

But it is one thing to cling like a fly, with hands and feet free, quite another to do it carrying an unwieldy dummy the size of a man. If once he did lose his balance—and besides, we had not got a spare dummy! So he was let down, not once but several times, until, eventually, the dummy fell clear out of the picture. Even then the coolie paid a final visit to get the clothes in which it was drest, for his own personal use.

He certainly deserved them.

Heavy clouds were now gathering along the edge of the old crater, and, tho we had not quite finished, we had no desire to be caught up there by a Scotch mist. We packed up and started homeward, but were still in the Sand Sea when we were caught, not by mist, but by torrential rain which did not improve the climb up the cliff wall to Mongaell, a matter of leading the ponies, and very strenuous work, too, at that altitude; nor did it improve the subsequent ride home through the dripping forest, a ride which was somehow comically reminiscent of hacking home on a wet night after hunting.

Except that, however wet and cold one may be at the moment, one wants to go hunting again; and, personally, I had no desire to see the Bromo again.

Unfortunately, tho we had got most of the scenes and, thank heaven, all the really dangerous ones finished, there were still various gaps to be filled in to get the perfect picture for which we had risked so much. So next morning the same program had to be gone through again. I pushed on ahead of the others through the magic of a wonderful morning, exquisite pearly lights in the sky and a high, keen wind racing round the mountain-tops and shouting through the trees, to the top of the Bromo Pass, where I found that the difficulties of filming in Java are not all volcanic.

A polite little man in the uniform of the Javanese police, armed to the teeth with sword and revolver, stept out of the bushes, accompanied by two subordinates similarly clad and equipped, and began a long discourse in Malay. After pacifying the chestnut, which had a true equine horror of ambushes, I tried to make out what he was talking about, but my Malay was a fairly recent acquisition and his was high-flown, different to the Singapore variety.

So I dismounted to wait for the arrival of K——, who spoke the language fluently, and refused to continue the discussion; I had a pretty shrewd suspicion of its general drift.

Earlier in the expedition, which had come down from Burma through Siam to Indo-China, we had, in the last-named country, had the misfortune to fall out with the French authorities. The whys and wherefores of this quarrel are irrelevant—indeed, we never really discovered ourselves what all the trouble was about—but the upshot was that the French got the totally erroneous idea that we were spies working under the rather thin disguise of a cinematograph expedition, and took the gratuitously impertinent step of cabling their absurd suspicions on to the Dutch; so that when, after weeks of facilities and courtesy in Singapore, we arrived in Batavia, we found ourselves once more "undesirable characters."

The purser of the Dutch boat on which we traveled added his little bit to the general atmosphere of suspicion by stating that he was perfectly certain that I personally was a Communist, "because I wore an eyeglass"; tho what the precise connection between Moscow and monocles may be, I have never discovered. We had apparently settled the matter satisfactorily with an extremely courteous and intelligent Dutchman in Batavia, but it cropped up again in Semarang, and again in Sourabaya, where we eventually landed, and, so far as I could see, here it was cropping up again.

K—— confirmed this idea after a few minutes' conversation with the policeman, who explained that he had orders to prevent our taking any films.

"But we have permission."

"Where is the permit?"

Of course we had not got a written permit; the Dutch authorities have a great gift for bestowing verbal permits, which they forget all about the next day. So after a long, tho perfectly friendly chat, it was eventually decided that the police should come on with us to the crater and censor the film on the spot, so to speak, with full rights to stop the filming of anything in the nature of "a fight between white man and brown," the very idea of which drove French and Dutch authorities alike into a perfect fever of panic.

The movie-makers did not think it necessary to inform him that they already had 90 per cent. of the stuff they wanted. And apparently the officials never found this out until it was too late for officialdom to balk a British movie. So:

We continued our journey, feeling positively regal. The three foot policemen marched in front, two mounted men who, unknown to me, had joined the tail of the procession at Tosari, brought up the rear, and, somewhere en route, our escort received a further reenforcement in the shape of two plain-clothes men, one of whom quite spoiled the effect of his otherwise excellent disguise of coolie clothes by insisting on carrying his official sword umbrellawise in the crook of his arm.

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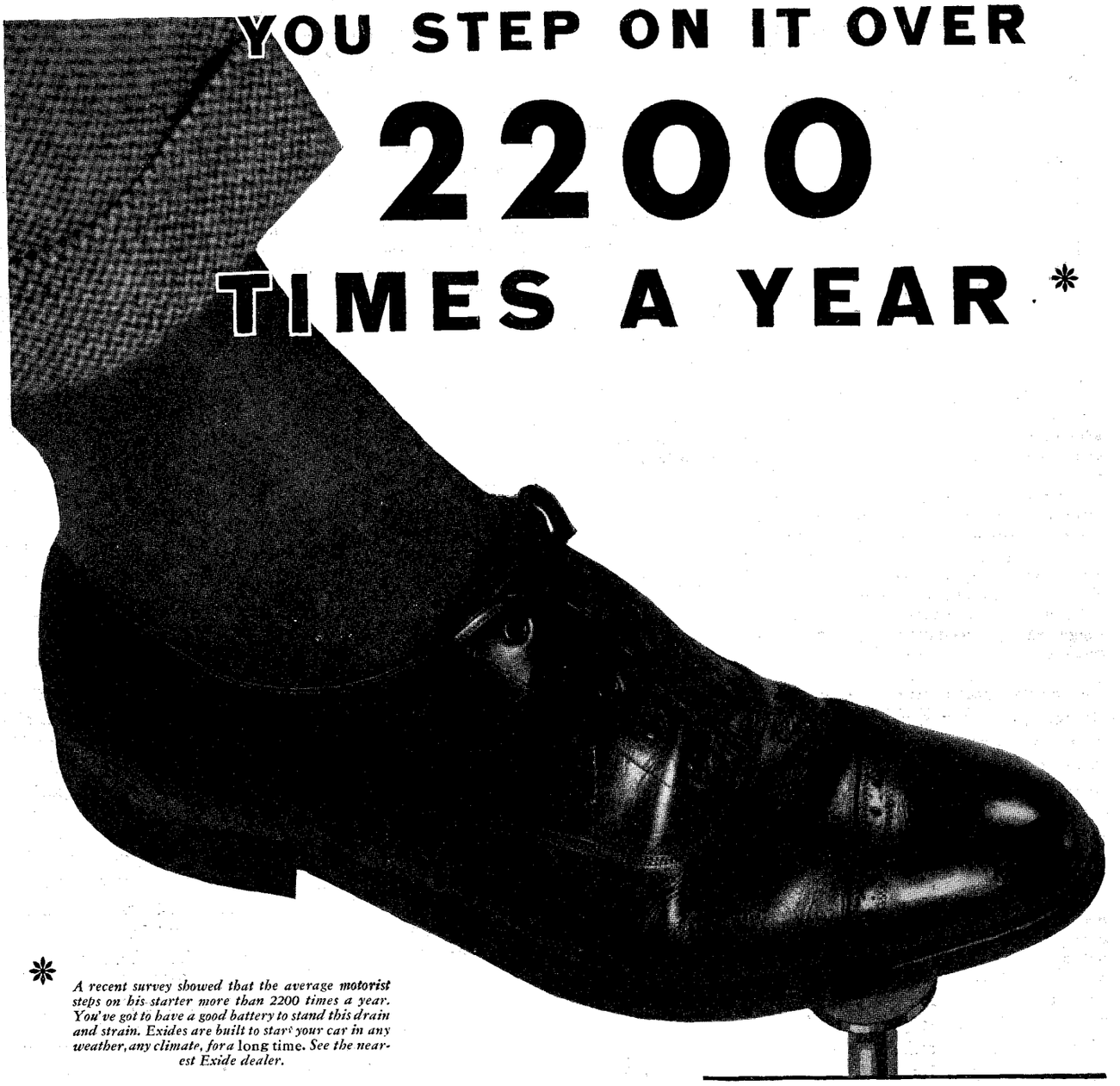

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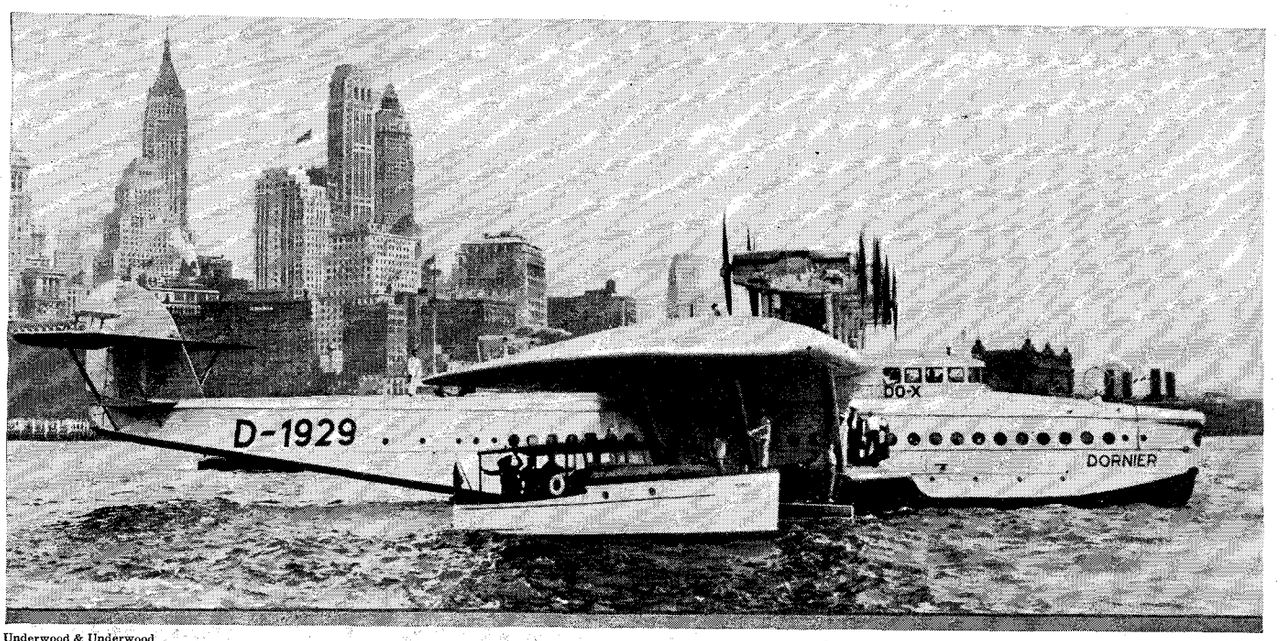

Underwood & Underwood

Mostly Airplane, With a Few Sky-Scrapers Thrown In: How Ferry Passengers Saw the Do-X

How Soon Will the Do-X Be a Tom Thumb?

"WE'LL BE BUILDING 'EM TWICE AS BIG ten years from now," prophesied an airplane construction expert.

That was in the glow of the moment immediately after the giant Dornier of many adventures had swooped and swished as lightly as a seagull on the bosom of New York Bay off the Battery, where she rode the waves as steadily as a white cruiser.

Fifty tons of her, with seventy-one persons on board—most of them passengers, who had been privileged on the flight up the coast to lounge in luxury, play bridge, dance (within reason), stretch their legs, stroll to the bar (outside the twelve-mile-limit), and live on the fat of the land.

The fifty thousand New Yorkers who witnessed her arrival had seen many pictures of her during her sometimes unlucky Odyssey of almost a year from Lake Constance, Switzerland, by way of Brazil and many other places, yet they could not refrain from gasping at her enormous size.

If the *Do-X* was a seagull, the familiar planes that circled over her were dragon-flies.

Nevertheless we are told that she is a mere experiment in commercial heavier-than-air aviation, and that her present trip may be likened to the long trial tours made by enthusiasts in queer little primitive automobiles when motoring was in the pioneering stage.

PERHAPS among the throngs that saw the silvery monster of the air end her long journey were some mellowed citizens who, in their younger days, cracked jokes over the efforts of the Wright brothers to fly in "a dern-fool contraption with a gasoline engine hitched on to it." If so, they might be among the first to admit the possibility of planes twice as big as the *Do-X*, or more than that, appearing, before they die.

A lively discussion has arisen as to whether heavier-than-air craft of the *Do-X* type, with their liberal consumption of fuel, can compete as commercial air-liners with the lighter-than-air family, of which the *Graf Zeppelin* has been an active pioneer. In this connection Uncle Sam's new *Akron*, altho her function is a military one, may furnish important data.

BELIEVERS in the future usefulness of heavier-than-air giants as passenger carriers are inclined to emphasize their value for coastal traffic and the big lakes, while lighter-than-air fans boost the Zeppelin type for wide-flung intercontinental voyages.

For a description of the monster Dornier and a summary of her voyage we turn to the New York *World-Telegram*, which reminds us that her only rival for size is her sister ship, the *Do-X II*, which was built for Italy and flew across the Alps to her future home on the day following the first one's arrival in New York.

International

The Pilot Brought His Bride North

Mrs. Rudolph Cramer von Clausbruch, described as a prize-winner in an international beauty pageant, came rolling up from Rio with her husband, who jockeyed the big plane.

Her nearest American rival in point of size, we learn, "is the new Sikorsky, *S-40*, recently flown at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the world's largest amphibion and the biggest plane of any sort ever built in this country." Whereof we are told:

> The latter craft—also soon to visit New York—has a normal capacity of forty passengers, as compared to 100 for the *Do-X*, which actually has carried 169 persons at one time in a "stunt" performance unmatched, as yet, even by airships such as the *Graf Zeppelin*.
>
> The *Do-X* has a wing-spread of 158 feet, an overall length of 131 feet 4 inches, an empty weight of 61,000 pounds, and a gross flying weight of 105,000 pounds. Corresponding figures for the Sikorsky are: Wing-spread, 114 feet; length, 72 feet, 11 inches; gross weight, 34,000 pounds. It has a total of 2,300 horse-power from four motors, the *Do-X* 7,200 from twelve.
>
> On the German flying-boat the power plants are arranged in six tandem pairs, set atop the great

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monoplane wing where they are far above any spray thrown up in the take-off.

There is a combination stub wing and float at either side of the *Do-X's* hull, called a sponson, which also acts as a lifting surface and renders the flying-boat, technically, a sesquiplane.

The body of the *Do-X* is made entirely of metal, a tough aluminum alloy, as is the framework of the wings, altho the covering of the latter, contrary to popular belief, is linen, except for the so-called "leading edge" where duraluminum is used.

There formerly was a third vestigial wing, built around the horizontal beams that tie the various engine mounts together, but this was abandoned when the change was made from European-built air-cooled motors to the more powerful Curtiss Conqueror water-cooled power plants.

THIS change was necessary "chiefly because the *Do-X* needed a lot more 'pep' to get her off the water with sufficient gasoline for her South Atlantic crossing, the longest leg of which was about 1,500 miles." Moreover:

The present engines burn about thirty-three gallons of gas an hour apiece when the plane is cruising at 118 miles an hour, so a lot of fuel was required.

The *Do-X* was completed and test flown in 1929, after being under construction two years. Her flight to America began on November 4, 1930, when she left her birthplace, Altenrhein, Switzerland, on the shores of Lake Constance, for Amsterdam, being attended by a series of mishaps and delays.

She was flown by the Prince of Wales during her call at Calshot, England, whither she flew from Amsterdam. On November 14 she took off from the British harbor for Bordeaux, France, but was forced down by bad weather and darkness, and taxied sixty miles to La Rochelle, continuing to Bordeaux next day.

Thence she proceeded after numerous delays to Lisbon, where fire destroyed her left wing. On January 31, repaired and everhauled, she flew to the Canary Islands, overything functioning splendidly, including her radio and radio compass.

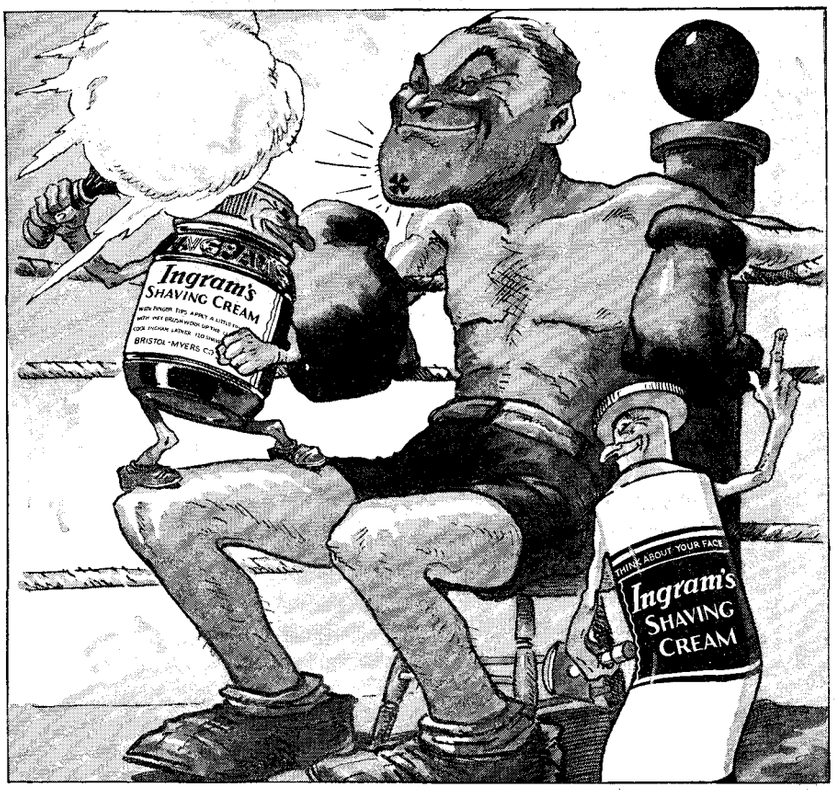
A series of take-off tests with constantly increasing loads was then initiated in preparation for the Atlantic hop, and during one of these, with the ship loaded to a gross weight of fifty-five tons, part of the hull structure of the *Do-X* buckled, necessitating extensive repairs and still longer delays.

It was at this point that Lieut. Clarence ("Dutch") Schildhauer, American co-pilot of the *Do-X*, returned to the United States. He joined the expedition again at Natal, Brazil, after the transatlantic flight.

Finally, on May 1, the *Do-X* left the Canaries for Bolama, on the African coast, and, after further tests flew from there to Porto Praia, Cape Verde Islands, hopping from there early in June for Fernando Noronha Island, off the Brazilian coast, which it reached next day at Natal. Here the luxurious fittings which had been stript from the *Do-X* to reduce weight, were reinstalled, and she started a tour down the coast to Rio de Janeiro, whence she has since been making her leisurely way north, touching United States waters for the first time at Miami August 25.

After Miami came stops at Charleston

Cool Shaves!
I take 'em on the chin and like it!



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS... TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

"I MAY be shaky on Shakespeare but I'm genial with Gillette. And when the shaving brush comes up with an Ingram lather bubbling for action, I take it on the chin and I like it! Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

"It's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed my tough old cheek. It gives a quick kayo to the whiskers—it's as soothing as a shaving cream can be."

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Coolness is the big Ingram feature in either package. Economical jar or convenient tube, each is crammed full of the same soothing, chin-charming cream. No smarts, no burns, no nasty nicks—nothing but coolness and comfort.

No other soap or cream can duplicate Ingram's chilly comfort!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
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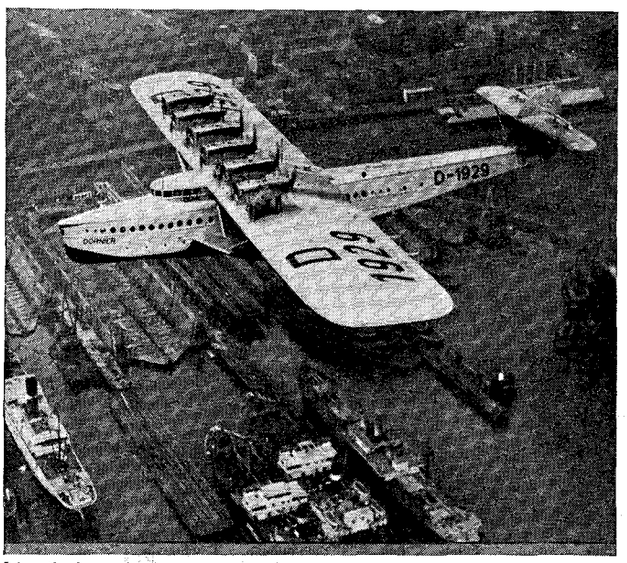
and Norfolk. Passengers joined the cruise at each port—two-score at Norfolk, where a number of American naval officers joined up in a complimentary capacity. The run from Norfolk to New York was made in three hours.

The New York *Times* quotes the Commander of the *Do-X*, Fritz W. Hammer, as emphasizing her international composition. Thus:

Captain Hammer said that the *Do-X* was first of all an international production. Dr. Dornier is the son of a French father



International

Lording It Over the Big Ocean Liners

and a German mother. The parts of the plane were constructed in Germany and assembled at the Dornier works in Switzerland, and finally it was powered with American engines burning American fuel.

"I am certain that such close international cooperation," Captain Hammer concluded, "will considerably further the progress of aviation and thereby general understanding between the nations and peoples of the world."

Rudolph cramer von clausbruch, chief pilot of the Dornier, who landed her in New York, is quoted by *The Times* as considering that she is especially suited to coastwise and lake service in the United States. He said:

The trip across the South Atlantic was smooth and pleasant. For two-thirds of the way we had a tail wind, and the weather was very kind, with good visibility and really excellent conditions for the longest hop of our journey, 1,400 miles.

But I have been imprest in flying up along your American coast with how well suited the boat is for such trips. We wound in and out along the coast line, watching our time so that we would not arrive in New York ahead of schedule. For runs like that from Norfolk to New York the *Do-X* is perfectly suited, or for your great inland lakes.

In the same account we read:

Experts consider the *Do-X*, not as the long-sought answer to transoceanic flying, nor as the vehicle of fast commutation, but as proof that the size of airplanes can be increased without reducing their economy as commercial carriers.

The value of the plane in flights of three or four hours was apparent to the most lay of the passengers. While the limited range of the craft prohibited a passenger flight over the South Atlantic, as the substitution of fuel for the weights of sixty persons would be necessary, Lieut. Clarence Schildhauer, U. S. N., guest pilot, said that the economy and efficiency of the plane compared favorably with carriers of present American airlines.

"Minor accidents and other setbacks encountered in our run from Switzerland here have only served to accentuate the extent of the experiment and the values of our deductions," he said. "The ship was designed for economy, and on a 750-mile trip can carry a payload of 13,000 pounds.

"To have made the flight here in one jump of thirty hours or more would have detracted greatly from the scientific value of the flight," he continued. "In our flights of nearly a year we have encountered nearly every condition of standard airline operation, and our service records prove that the big plane can be maintained for 500-mile flights with payloads up to ten tons per trip at no greater cost for each pound-mile than other airplanes."

According to graphs kept by Lieutenant Schildhauer, the plane can be cruised with ten tons for 500 miles at an average cost of $4.27 a mile. His computations include all items of airline operation, he said, not excluding insurance, depreciation and maintenance.

So steady was the plane on its way from Norfolk yesterday that four couples danced for a half hour in her cabin to the music of a concertina played by Horst Merz, observer of the German Ministry of Commerce. This episode was cited by George N. Crouse of Syracuse, who was a passenger from San Juan, Porto Rico. His wife joined him at Norfolk. The Crouses are air enthusiasts, having made the Atlantic crossing in the dirigible *Graf Zeppelin*.

"The comfort on board was remarkable," he said. "We had the midday meal each day served from the galley, and had no sense of being cramped or in any way in close quarters."

Mrs. Clara Adams, a passenger on the first Atlantic crossing of the *Graf Zeppelin*, also was aboard the *Do-X*.

"You could hardly tell you were flying," said Mrs. Adams. "The noise of the motors did not intrude unless you opened the portholes. Vibration also was notably absent. The cabins were spacious and comfortable."

The same note of comfort was strest by Guy Vaughan, President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, makers of the plane's motors. Mr. Vaughan flew up from Norfolk.

"She controls as easily as the smallest ship," he said at Pier A. "The *Do-X* is comparable to the Pullmancar in luxury of travel. It was the most comfortable trip I ever had."

Of the popular reception accorded to the world's largest airplane, *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

A record crowd was at the Battery to see the plane come in and to cheer its landing as if it had just flown non-stop from Germany. The reception in the harbor, at Pier A, the Battery, and later by a crowd of 5,000 persons at the Curtiss-Wright Airport, at North Beach, was genuine, noisy, and spontaneous.

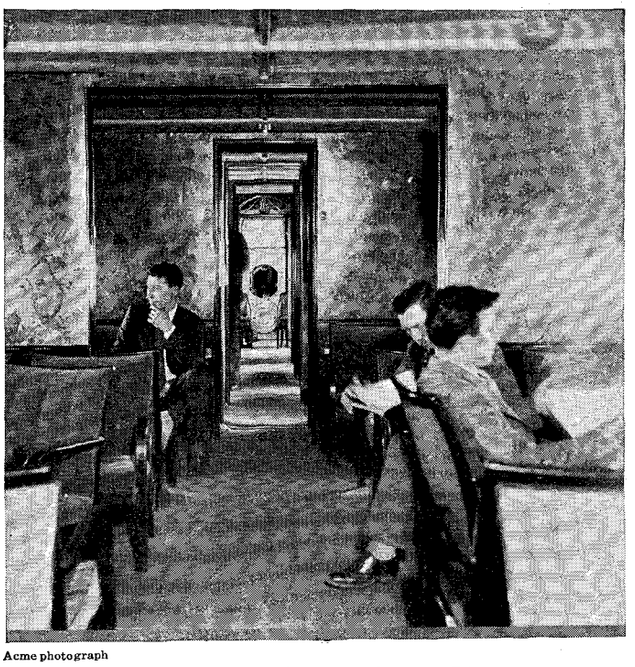
When the great plane flew up the eastern edge of Manhattan, and almost directly over the Chrysler Building, all traffic along the East Side stopt as thousands stared upward.

To the thousands lining the harbor wall the spectacle of the plane as it pushed out of the mists of the Narrows at 12:07 could hardly have been disappointing in the matter of size.

At the first shout reporting the sighting of the plane, the crowd became tense and alert. Boats in the harbor and ferries listing with record loads of passengers tied down their whistles, as the great single-winged, silver-covered craft flew into view.

The *Do-X* flew across a whole fleet of incoming and outgoing ships, ferries, and tugs, cutting a clean, clear way through the air with typical Teutonic singleness of purpose.

With her twelve American Curtiss water-cooled engines roaring



Acme photograph

An Air Pullman of Magnificent Distances

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their 6,000 horse-power, she reached the upper harbor and began a slow, wide, and cautious turn around the Statue of Liberty. While half a dozen small planes and a commercial blimp flew high above her in salute, the German made the bank, which proved in reality a turn around the whole harbor. Then dropping down to about 500 feet, the seaplane continued straight up the Hudson as if oblivious of the celebration in the harbor and along the waterfront.

As it flew up the river the great plane appeared to be slightly below the tops of the highest sky-scrapers. It could be plainly seen by thousands along the West Side of Manhattan.

The great crowd in the Battery remained patient, and in about twenty minutes the *Do-X* returned. Piloted by Rudolph Cramer von Clausbruch, who flew across the South Atlantic, she came down the river losing altitude. He was ready for a landing as soon as the upper harbor was reached. The landing glide into the cross-harbor wind directly across the front of the Statue of Liberty was comparatively short for the *Do-X*.

Clausbruch, in the pilot's cabin with Lieutenant Schildhauer, the American pilot beside him, found it necessary to do some fast and tricky piloting to find a clear runway on the water of the harbor, as sight-seeing tugs, ferries, and launches closed in. The landing was easy and smooth and roundly applauded by American flyers, who appraised it from the security of the harbor wall.

An impression of the interior is given by a reporter of the same paper, who rode in her from the Battery up the East River to the Curtiss-Wright Airport, where she was thrown open to public inspection, under certain restrictions. As we read:

Entering the passengers' quarters, which are divided into large and roomy compartments built for four, was like walking into the chair car of a de luxe train. The walls and the compartment divisions are decorated in brown, and the interior of the main salon on the upper deck is furnished to match.

The crew quarters are on the lower deck. The main control cabin is forward on a raised deck, and behind the navigator's cabin is such an array of machinery as has never before been installed in a flying craft.

The great craft handled easily on the water, and took off quickly despite the load of forty passengers, who were lost in the roomy cabins and the central salon. During the brief wait, while the twelve Curtiss engines were being warmed up, one noticed how many of these interior furnishings bore labels of South American stores.

Inquiry revealed that before the long rough flight of the *Do-X* from the coast of Africa to the coast of South America, the plane was stript down almost to a skeleton, and that a tooth brush and a razor was about all the personal luggage that any one member of the crew was allowed. Even the fancy cap that the steward of the *Do-X* wears now was purchased in Rio de Janeiro.

After the take-off in the harbor the plane flew down over Coney Island, circling slowly and cautiously, and then cut back across the tip of Brooklyn, flying up the East River. Altho all twelve motors were running. It was not difficult to talk in the cabins, and the vibration was hardly noticeable.

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REFRESH your mouth and gums when you get home in the evening by brushing your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream.

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95% *state that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;*

95% *agree that the most serious trouble occurs where teeth and gums meet;*

85% *state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is* Milk of Magnesia.

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GUARDS THE DANGER LINE

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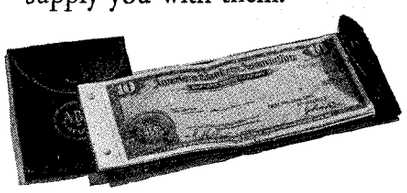

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When a Middy Tumbled Into "Old Ironsides'" Hold—and Other Deep Sea Yarns

REMINISCENCES of the United States frigate *Constitution* are cropping up as she pursues her leisurely cruise down the Atlantic Coast, putting in here and there for booming welcomes and public at-homes.

The other day she reached New York, under tow as usual, and tied up at a North River pier for a spell. That loosened a flood of salty memories, and *The Herald Tribune* printed this budget from George Howard Reed, of Jersey City:

The writer of a recent article says: "Justly famous 'Old Ironsides' has become a common symbol of the heroism and daring of our early naval heroes; while the United States *Constellation*, a sister frigate with an equally useful tho perhaps not so spectacular career, but still in active service, lies in dock at the Naval Training Station at Newport, known only to a few students of naval history."

As I have had the honor of serving on both of these vessels, perhaps a few of my boyish experiences may be of interest.

The *Constellation* was launched at Baltimore, September 7, 1797, and the *Constitution* followed two weeks later at Boston, The former was a thirty-six-gun frigate. while the latter carried forty-four guns, being slightly the larger, about 300 tons.

The principal battles in which these vessels took part were in the wars with France in 1798-1801, the war with the Tripoli pirates in 1802-'04 and the war with England in 1812-'14.

THE class entering the Naval Academy in June, 1871, "consisted of twenty-four 'youngsters,' as we were called in those days." and this elderly "youngster" goes on to relate:

We were quartered on board the *Constitution,* which was used as a receiving ship. One night when it was my turn to serve as mate of the deck, at "taps," 10 P. M., I had to cross the berth deck (where we slept in hammocks), and stept over the coaming of a hatch to where the grating should be, but it was not there, and I fell down into the hold.

My lantern went out, and I could not find my hat, which was most unfortunate, as it would never do to make my report to the officer of the deck unless in proper uniform. When I crawled up to the berth deck, I grabbed the first hat I could find, and went on deck and made my report to the officer of the deck—"All's well and lights out," and he replied: "Very good, sir; go below and turn in."

I had on a cap two or three sizes too small, and I could hear him laughing long after I had gone.

The following summer we had our practise cruise on the United States *Constellation* along the New England coast and in the north Atlantic, practising all the evolutions possible.

On the night of the Fourth of July we had a very severe thunder-storm, with heavy rain and strong wind. All hands were called to reef topsails at midnight.

I had been on watch from eight to twelve, and was due to turn in, but the order to reef kept us all on deck.

We youngsters were sandwiched in between the old sailors; they doing, of course, most of the work. It was pitch dark, and we only had the flashes of lightning to help us see what we had to do. The maintopsail sheet was carried away, and the clew of the foretopsail was split.

We close-reefed the maintopsail (the biggest sail on the ship) and put single or double reefs in most of the other sails. Of course, the light sails, those on the upper yards, such as the topgallant and royals, were already snugly stowed.

From the heavy rain, my shoes had filled with water, so I had taken them off and put them in the muzzle of one of the brass howitzers.

AT the call to go aloft young Reed had no chance to get his shoes, so up he went in his stocking feet. Thus he had to stand for an hour on the rope looped under the yard, while working at the sail. He testifies feelingly:

I was certainly glad to hear the officer of the deck sing out: "Lay down from aloft" when the work was finished.

A bolt of lightning passed down the mizzenmast into the water within eight feet of where I was standing. It stunned me for a moment, but did no damage to the vessel; it only proved the truth of the saying in the Navy at that time that "you can't kill a midshipman."

When morning broke the storm was over.

Toward the end of the cruise, as we were homeward bound and approaching the Capes of Virginia, one night I was on midwatch from 12 to 4 and had my trick at the wheel from 12 to 1 A. M. We not only had all our square sails set but studding sails on both sides, both a'low and aloft; that made in all about thirty sails, big and little, not counting the fore and aft sails.

The wind was almost directly aft, and there was also a full moon, and a mild, gentle breeze. As I stood at the big six-foot wheel and looked up at the magnificent spread of over 5,000 yards of canvas, with the old ship just rolling along easily, I thought what a beautiful picture she made and what a glory hung about her.

The names of these two vessels and the story of their glorious deeds should be kept ever before the youth of this country, that their example may speak to coming generations.

ANOTHER old-timer was stirred up by the arrival of the *Constitution,* according to the New York *Times.* Thus:

As the old war vessel was being turned into the pier, an elderly man stood on the dock edge and took a personal part in bringing her in. In salty terms of the sea, exprest in a voice still lusty enough to be heard on the frigate's deck, he advised the younger men on how to bring a ship in properly and get her lines out in a hurry.

Inquiry disclosed that he probably knew more about the *Constitution* than any other man living. He said his name was August F. Smith of 7,404 Sixty-fifth Street, Glendale, Long Island, and that he was an apprentice on the *Constitution* fifty years ago, before she was retired in 1881. He told other spectators of experiences on the ship, and pointed out high places on the towering masts where he used to climb.

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Will the Lively Football Start Another War?

WHILE the nation is still grappling in the internecine conflict of the unlively golf ball, and while the fratricidal strife over the lively baseball is still awakening savage echoes, that newest menace to peace, the lively football, looms over the national horizon like a lightning shot thundercloud.

It has "bobbed up in the South," we learn from the watchful W. O. McGeehan's sports column in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "Coaches and players who have been trying it out say that it is easier to handle than the old type, having eight seams instead of the limited number of the old ball. It comes within the legal limitations and specifications for the ball to be used in the intercollegiate game."

After reviewing the lively baseball war in his usual spirit of gentle banter, Mr. McGeehan sketches a picturesque future for the lively football. Thus:

Of course, the lively football will come up for no little discussion, because the differences of opinion concerning the game of intercollegiate football always are more acrimonious than those over any other sport. In the first place, the lively football probably will cause more of the deplorable overemphasis of the sport, which has been causing so much concern during the last ten years.

According to the coaches who have been testing it out, the eight-seam ball is much easier to pass than the old type. There are those who insist that there is altogether too much passing in the game as it is now played. Others, like Howard Jones, the coach of Southern California, insist that it will not be long before punting will be not done at all. Mr. Jones does not feel that punting should be abolished by rule. He says that it will die out, because it will become ineffectual in the modern game.

Perhaps there is no very great change in the new style of football that is being experimented with in the South. But it does look as tho there might be some cause for concern in any change in the style of the footballs made. Some of the coaches may try to make the football livelier to speed up the game.

If more forward passing is considered desirable, the coaches might make the footballs smaller and easier to grip. With the standard size of football the best forward passers must be gifted with hands that could palm a ham.

HERE Mr. McGeehan gives rein to his playful fancy, and rambles on:

Far be it from me to advocate any restrictions on the coaches in the matter of footballs. Perhaps it would be just as well to let them use their imaginations in this matter. There are possibilities of the game becoming more complicated and more interesting if the boys are permitted to go ahead.

For instance, they might be allowed to use various types of footballs in the progress of the game. There would be a small-sized ball when it came to a point where a forward pass was to be used. Obviously something in the nature of a baseball would be easier to handle in this emergency.

In the case of a running attack the object always is to conceal the ball. It would be of no little assistance to the ball carrier to have a collapsible football at this point of the game. He could flatten it against his jersey until he crossed the goal line, when it would inflate itself automatically.

In the case of a drop-kick something might be designed in the nature of an airplane football. I have noted that on many occasions of an attempted drop-kick the current type of football does not sail true, and that it sometimes falls under the bar or to the wrong side of the post.

The airplane ball would be equipped with rudders that would keep it on a straight course. Also, it would be provided with a little propeller or outboard motor that would assure the drop-kicker of his ball having sufficient carrying power.

With a few of these mechanical improvements the modern game would be something to see. But perhaps it would come under the head of overemphasis.

AS for the lively baseball, its status is disposed of by this authority in these terms:

The manufacturers always have maintained stoutly that there never was any change in the making of the baseballs, and that the increased number of long hits, against which there was some quite raucous squawking, was due to the limitations placed on the pitchers.

But, in spite of all these denials, they did make changes in the specifications of the standard baseballs for the season which is starting to wane. The current baseball has raised seams, which are supposed to give the pitchers a better grip and to make matters tougher for the batters.

But the new ball does not seem to have helped any of the pitchers, with the possible exception of those employed by the Athletics and the Cardinals, and perhaps the success of these hurlers is not entirely to be attributed to the baseballs with the raised seams.

As to slowing up the hitting, the statistics do not indicate anything much in that direction. Babe Ruth and Columbia Lou Gehrig seem to be hoisting as many out of the lot as if the seams of the baseballs had not been raised.

Mr. Ruth may have slowed up slightly in the manufacture of home runs, but you must remember that Mr. Ruth has been in the national pastime for a considerable period. For years Mr. Ruth has been turning out an overproduction of those home runs, and it was inevitable that the depression would come.

Considering the baseball of 1931 with regard to the Brooklyn Robins, it might be maintained that it had affected their hitting. Something seems to have affected it no little, but then any student of the national pastime will tell that when a ball club is not hitting, it simply is not hitting, and could not even hit balloons.

So the discussion of the lively baseball never got anywhere and never will. Some of the students of the pastime maintained that the customers liked the long hits. There seemed to be something in this, as has been shown by the box-office drawing power of Babe Ruth.

Others insisted that what the customers wanted were more pitchers' duels and more base stealing. Some customers like a game where the home club makes about ten runs in the opening inning and holds the lead through to the finish.

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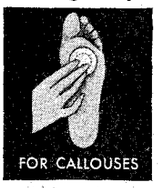

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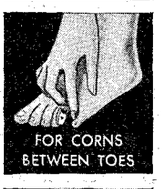

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Tricks and Trials of the Taxi Trade

"WHAT are *you* gawpin' at?" demanded the girl with the bloody face. "Go ahead, bum—drive!"

And the taxi-man drove. The episode taught him, among other things, the hazards of turning around or otherwise showing interest when a "gentleman" fare begins to strike a "lady" fare.

And further, it was one of those incidents that convinced Pat O'Mara that "one of the prime requisites to successful taxi driving is a strong back and a weak mind."

Mr. O'Mara, writing in sprightly fashion in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine, speaks out of the experience of a decade of hacking. He knows of few callings, he observes, that combine "so much of mental and physical torture at one and the same time. At the very moment when the patron is advising the cabby from the rear, the rough leather seat is pounding at him; while up front, if the amazing magic-lanterns which control traffic miss anything in torture contribution, the even more amazing automobile operators will fully provide it."

Mr. O'Mara tips us off to many secrets of the hacking craft. For example, he poses this query:

How many times, after calling your favorite hack, have you wondered why—with empty hacks flying past your door soliciting you—your taxi is so long in getting to you, only to have the tardy hacker explain apologetically upon arrival that he "had a flat on the way over."

Is this alibi true? It might be, but the chances run one in ten it is not—and you can at least test the authenticity of it by merely feeling his spare tire. If it be flat, his story will stand up; but if it be not flat, then you at least are justified in demanding a more plausible explanation.

Then again the cause of the delay may be less vindictive. Three hackers at midnight on an outlying stand, let us say, are huddled in the last man's cab listening avidly to the first man's psychoanalysis of his recent fare. The telephone rings and the continuity of the story is broken quickly as the first man receives an order from the office. What happens now? Does the first man jump on his hack and speed toward the impatiently waiting patron? All reason says he should; but he does no such thing. The order is safely in his pocket, and he knows the patron will wait. But isn't time money to him, you say? Yes, but not as important as the story, which is the thing right now. And so, into the last man's hack he goes, there to remain until the second man and at length the last man himself gets an order.

WHEN the neophytes, we read, come to the taxis, they usually come armed with three partly false *a priori* notions of what constitutes efficient hacking:

First, to be a tough mug; second, to steal the maximum of whatever is stealable; third, to flirt with flirtatious feminine patrons. They get over all three. They have to. As to the first notion—take the case of a young man who matriculated to us not long after graduating from the university. Prior to mounting his first hack he was as innocuous as an American Bolshevik, but the first week with us saw him roaring like a wild bull and indulging in the most dreadful vocabulary. After a fortnight of this he was brazenly challenging elderly motormen and truck drivers to open combat, and by the end of the month not only was he chewing tobacco, but doing it with artistry.

As to that last notion, the plain truth as I see it after ten years is that women do not take kindly to the taximan in the rôle of charmer. But, of course, you can't tell neophytes that; only experience, sometimes of a very mortifying nature, will teach them this lesson, as it did, indeed, teach me.

Drest like a dandy on my second week on the hacks, I was, when a young woman dark of features, with an intriguing hint in her eyes, emerged from the hotel outside which I was parked and, peering into my pilot house, whispered: "Driver, can you come up to my room, please—right away?" With the most ridiculous speed I left the hack right where it stood and followed the girl to her room—only to discover to my deep chagrin a dozen suitcases, some without handles, awaiting me. The measly unconscionable trick, of course, was to circumvent tipping of a porter.

MR. O'MARA once "fetched a radio sales-manager home one Christmas eve," of which event we are told:

After we had stopt at a dozen speak-easies en route to his home, he insisted that I come into the house and have supper with the family. I recall I was hardly drest for even so informal an event, and I also recall that the gaudy architecture of the house made me feel even more abject and timorous. I tried my level best to wiggle out of it; but he insisted, and inside I was bundled to a seat at table of a family reunion, the members of which, I'll wager, were never so mortified and abashed in their lives.

Yet another time I got a middle-aged couple from a Chinese restaurant. The woman walked down to the hack, but it took all the combined efforts of Lee Wah, Hoop Woo, and No. 305 to get the master down and into the taxi. Arriving at their home, we carried the master straightway up on the second floor and threw him into bed, whence we repaired to the parlor to balance budgets. But she was in no hurry to dismiss me, and, of course, since my meter was still chucking off nickels, I was in no hurry to be dismissed. It developed she desired to practise with me, to the raucous strains of an old gramophone, some new and interesting improvements to the fox-trot.

Then suddenly there came a loud crash overhead. "Jim's fell outa bed!" she cried. "Go up, driver, and chuck him back in. Be careful with him, too."

She had divined rightly. Jim was on the deck when I got to him; and again I heaved him gently into bed. "Keep quiet now, buddy!" I admonished. "Get yourself some sleep."

Again we started to dance; again came the crash; and again I essayed the rôle of Good Samaritan.

This time I put a bolster on either side of him for bulwarks. "I know that'll hold you!" I muttered.

But I was wrong. Hardly had we started the dance anew when the crash came again, and, deciding that perhaps some occult force conspired evilly against our dancing, she paid me off, and I departed.

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A Time to Save, and a Time to Spend

THAT THIS IS THE TIME FOR BUYING rather than saving, is counsel commonly heard these days. But when a banker, and the head of a savings-bank, at that, preaches the doctrine of wise spending, editors sit up and take notice, from one end of the country to the other.

For the benefit of its 249,000 depositors, the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York has been handing out some crisp advice about keeping the proper balance between saving and spending. And this advice has been widely quoted, and almost as widely praised.

This New York savings-bank, says its president in a statement to the press, made every effort in 1928 to encourage people to save and not spend recklessly. In consequence, many depositors, new and old, built up good-sized balances, and to-day they can show large profits in the increased buying power of their saved-up dollars.

But to-day, when economic conditions have changed, the bank feels that its advice should also be changed somewhat. For one thing, "the consumer's dollar is worth at least 16 per cent. more in buying power to-day than in 1928."

There is another angle. In President Bennett's opinion, the millions of savings and thrift depositors in this country have it in their power to change the whole aspect of industrial and trade conditions, for "they are the backbone of this nation's stupendous buying power."

"And So the Turn Comes"

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

THE direct advice to depositors is given in a booklet, "What the Dollar Will Buy." It is important to save in order to have an emergency reserve, "but it is most important of all to save when dollars will buy the least, so that when prices come down again your savings will show large profits in what they will buy for you." For example:

The woman who put $500 in this bank in September, 1928, when prices were high and every one was spending freely, finds that these same $500 are actually worth to her to-day about $580—in addition to all the interest she has received on her deposits. In other words, she has a clear profit in buying power of 16 per cent. in a little over two years.

How do we reach this figure of 16 per cent.? We take the cost-of-living figures made up every month by the United States Industrial Conference Board. These figures allow for the proportion the average family spends on shelter, on clothing, on fuel and light, and on food and sundries. To-day, for example, a man can buy one-fifth again as much clothing for $100 as he could in September, 1928. His fuel and light are cheaper, and so are his sundries and luxuries. When we take the proportion of his income which he spends on each of his main items of living cost, we find that on the same dollars of income or savings, he is just about one-sixth better off than in 1928.

Then the bank traces what happened to the man who deposited $1,000 on September 30, 1928:

1. He has received compound interest, up to March 31, 1931	$114.16
2. He still has his original deposit of	1,000.00
3. His balance on March 31 is	$1,114.16
4. Due to lower prices, this balance, compared to September, 1928, is worth in buying power	$1,292.42

This, we read on, "is a very impressive answer to those few people who postponed saving in 1928 because they thought good times would go on forever."

The bank's advice to-day is this:

Keep on deposit all you should have as a reserve against emergencies. If that reserve is not yet large enough (it should be equal to at least six months' salary), add to it! But if you have a surplus above all likely needs, make careful purchases of things you want for permanent use while prices remain low. See that your home is put in good repair. Do not let your automobile or any other property get "run down." If you have long needed an added piece of furniture, shop carefully and buy it now. Buy clothing in reasonable quantities. Buy real estate if you are planning for a home of your own. Land prices have not been so low in many years, and mortgage money for building can be had on very reasonable terms. Wise spending at the right time is as much a part of good thrift as saving all you can when prices are going up. However, judicious spending now will help to set the wheels of industry turning more rapidly and restore employment to thousands now out of work.

THIS advice "was not irresponsibly offered, and it deserves keen attention," says the Boston *Herald*, one of the less enthusiastic commentators. The use of savings-bank funds in productive activities is a slower movement, indeed, than the kind of spending proposed by the New York bank, "but it is a question which in the long run will count for more." And, "whether the savings depositors of the country can 'change the whole aspect of industrial and trade conditions' by such spending as here is advocated is a question which nobody can answer offhand."

But a large group of papers think with the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that the bank's advice "deserves the widest circulation in every section of the country—it may well be called the gospel of sane courage as preached by a man who knows what he is talking about." It is obvious to the New York *World-Telegram* "that a large per cent. of the people are going too far in the direction of thrift and retrenchment":

They could spend more and would spend more if they were not pinched by fear.

The machine era involves a rapid turnover of wealth which calls for rather free spending. Good times will not really return until hoarded resources have started flowing again in the channels of trade.

Until individuals have started spending normally, conditions generally can not become normal.

WRITING on the market page of the New York *Times*, Mr. C. F. Hughes suggests that the savings-banks themselves "doubtless would benefit from having trade and industrial activity stimulated by increased purchasing, since their problem just now is to find profitable employment for their excess funds."

And it is not solely a matter for savings-bank depositors to think about, remarks *The Times* editorially—

A similar spirit might be manifested by many others who have idle money at command. Funds are ample on easy terms for any kind of enterprise which can offer security and the promise of profitable investment. Dull times are really an opportunity for bright wits. If individuals or companies have been looking forward to a considerable outlay which they feel will be necessary some time, there is no reason why they should not prudently get their funds into circulation so as not only to give employment but to yield encouragement. No one should advocate waste at a time like this. Nor should invitations to wild speculation be accepted. But well-studied and fruitful expenditure, by those in a position to make it without risk,

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ought to be considered, more than it appears to be, the order of the day.

In response to such comment on his advice, President Bennett declares that "all we have done is to give counsel of courage when the business world is too much dominated by fear and uncertainty"—

Our advice will more than serve its purpose if it helps to put a hundred or two hundred millions into circulation in New York State, and in that way to start industry moving a little faster before winter and its unemployment problem is with us again. It is one common-sense way of helping to keep men at work and to spread a feeling of sane courage."

How to Sell to a Nation of Extroverts

THAT may sound a bit "highbrow," but it states a very practical problem which confronts all manufacturers, merchants, and advertisers.

A little dip into psychology is made by Ralph Borsodi in the current *Advertising and Selling*, to explain why there must be a change in all our selling methods. He insists that all marketing operations, to succeed, must "be keyed into the habits of buying of a population consisting mainly of extroverts," that is, all business planning must be dynamic rather than static.

Perhaps this needs explaining, especially for those not familiar with the jargon of the new psychology. The psychologist Jung is quoted: "The introvert regards everything from the aspect of his own personality; the extrovert is dependent upon that of his object." Or we may say that the introverts' life energy is focused inward, and the extroverts' outward.

But before we get tangled up with any more psychology, let us come directly to Mr. Borsodi's point that "we are to-day making ourselves into a civilization of extroverts":

All the social institutions of the country are transforming potential introverts into go-getting extroverts. America, and, to a degree, the whole of the occidental world, is whole-heartedly engaged in this crusade toward universal extroversion. Only in the Orient, among the followers of Gandhi, is there still a serious effort to resist the trend toward extroversion.

Western civilization, which is preeminently object-minded to-day, has not always been a civilization of extroverts. On the contrary. After the downfall of the pagan cultures of Greece and Rome, European civilization was one which was composed mainly of men and women who found a life of meditation, prayer, self-examination and humility more desirable than one of action, change, and amusement.

Men and women of the Middle Ages had powerful convictions. They changed them very, very slowly. Not even the rack and the stake could make them change views which had become a part of their very beings as a result of long years of introspection.

These people and their more recent successors "not only refused to change their

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CUSTOMERS in the area served by the Associated System purchased 19,489 automatic refrigerators during a recent six weeks' refrigerator sales campaign. About half of these sales were made by dealers who were assisted by a plan of cooperation established by the Associated New Business Department.

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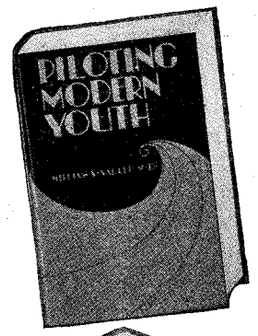

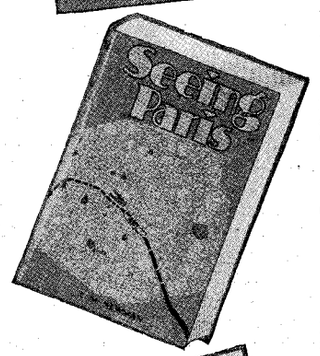

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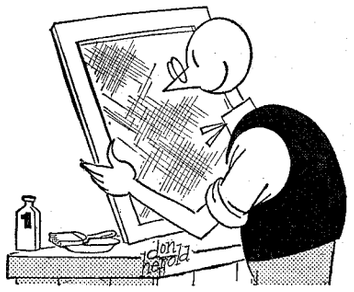

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religious convictions lightly, but refused to change other habits which they acquired equally slowly." That is—

They held just as fast to the merchandise they liked and to the "brands" of goods they bought as they did to their religious beliefs and innermost prejudices. They were, so to speak, difficult to "sell," but once sold on a line, they stayed sold not only for their own lifetime but often for the generations that succeeded them.

But what a change has taken place, says Mr. Borsodi. People of this type are becoming fewer and fewer every year. Perhaps in ten years everybody will be of the very opposite type. Why—

Modern infants are no longer brought up in the home—they tend to be brought up in hospitals and nursery schools. As they grow older, they become more and more subject to the dizzy social whirl of schools and colleges. They are systematically taught to take part in group activities.

Teamwork is taught in order to safeguard their future success and future happiness; they play basketball, baseball, football, or if they do not actually play these games, they participate in them as parts of their school or college cheering squads.

When they become workers, they work in large groups. They work together so much that they can hardly endure working alone at all.

And when they amuse themselves, they do it by driving an automobile, by looking at comic strips, going to the movies, or taking up changing fads like radio, miniature golf, backgammon, etc.

In fact, nowadays, in order to live comfortably, "virtually everybody is forced into becoming an extrovert." Indeed, "the potential introvert is given no opportunity in this day and age to brood and meditate and introspect, unless it be in an asylum or or institution." Many of the much-discust peculiarities of the age can be explained by this tendency, thinks Mr. Borsodi:

The changing tempo; the increased importance of style; the restlessness and increased tendency to travel; and from the standpoint of business, what is most important, the tendency for tastes to shift and habits to change frequently and apparently unaccountably.

There is unlimited evidence which shows that a consuming public such as ours today, consisting primarily of extroverts, is a public which gets bored with what it does, and with what it has, and with what it buys more quickly than a public partly or mainly comprised of introverts. Business, if it is to keep goods moving steadily and profitably, must adapt its marketing and advertising techniques to this change in the psychological make-up of the consuming public.

Extroverts as consumers have broad but superficial tastes. Being broad, they tend to imitate the ways of life about them; being superficial, it is easy for them to change their ways of living. It is easy, therefore, for them to be changed from a tendency to buy one thing to a tendency to buy another.

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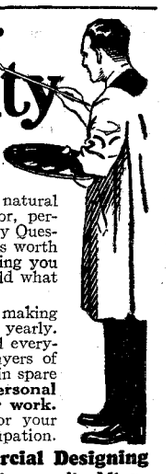

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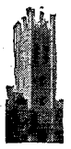

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and merchandizing problem of manufacturers and retailers more and more difficult, we are told in conclusion:

For products to please, for advertising to be effective, for selling to succeed, each must be planned in the expectation that the public desire will change.

Business must be planned in anticipation of change, and its planning must be based upon forecasting the change which the public will desire.

Chain Stores Multiplying Abroad

THE chain-store idea is becoming popular abroad, concludes the Paris correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal*.

This observation is first provoked by the successful offering of stock in F. W. Woolworth Company's British subsidiary. Then, the writer continues:

There are sixty Woolworth stores in Germany, where the going has been a little harder than for the British company, whose 434 stores earned nearly $18,000,000 last year, but prospects in Germany are promising.

The familiar red-and-white front is on Berlin's busiest thoroughfare; it is to be seen in Munich and in Dresden.

New stores are being added to the chain, whose length is being stretched throughout the Republic.

It seems that "Great Britain and Germany are the only European countries in which Woolworth is operating." In France, we are told, this company functions only as a buying organization. Woolworth merchandizing met much opposition at first in Germany, but now relations are amicable, and 90 per cent. of the goods sold by the chain in Germany are purchased in Germany. For one thing, post-war Germany has taken with avidity to such an evidence of "Americanization" as the chain store, and—

The chain-store idea is perhaps a logical development of the new mass production in German industry.

At any rate, there is in Berlin a chain of stores catering to would-be dressers in what the announcements call "true American style."

Three prices, $15, $21, and $29, are guaranteed to turn young Germans into *facsimiles of the broad-shouldered 100 per* cent. American collegiates which are pictured in the American-written "ads" that are acquainting Germany with the ready-to-wear wardrobe. Suits and topcoats are made with the aid of American machines, each suit consisting of many pieces made simultaneously, and then assembled like Ford cars.

IT seems hard to think of chain stores in France, the country of small businesses, yet, we read in *The Wall Street Journal*, "the chain store is not new to France, and the city of Paris is the best customer of a chain of wine shops, which is 106 years old." But as a matter of fact, "it is only since the war that the chain store has come to occupy an important position in the economic structure of France."

The characteristic French store is the neighborhood shop, which is a family affair, with wife and daughter, perhaps grandmother, working along with the proprietor. These stores "are the standard small stores of France, and, as they indicate, all conditions of retail trade in this country would seem diametrically opposed to the chain store, yet figures affirm that it is on the way." And the writer for *The Wall Street Journal* proceeds to give us some of those figures:

There are 7,600 cooperative stores selling small merchandise in France. These are owned by some 3,500,000 stockholders. The estimated annual volume of business is $137,200,000.

Recently in Paris five-and-ten franc stores (20 and 40 cents) were opened in various congested districts. The opening was heralded by a fanfare of advertising in the Paris-American press, and in one instance an invitation "preview" was staged, at which they do say cocktails were served. The small ripples quickly subsided.

There is a five-and-ten-franc store up in the Latin Quarter. Its red front and general interior are strongly reminiscent of a certain Woolworth store in upper Eighth Avenue, New York. It is located on that type of street, and display of goods is identical with the familiar Woolworth pattern—which is totally dissimilar to the French fashion of showing goods.

There are no chain drug stores in France, tho a few important pharmacies have branches. Tobacco, is of course, a government monopoly; and tobacco and postage-stamps are sold in certain licensed cafés. Such licenses are allotted to ex-service men only. These in turn may sell them.

There is one chain of stores specializing in automobile supplies, the Mestre et Blatge Cie., capitalized at 10,000,000 francs, and operating five stores in France and one in Algiers, Spain, Belgium, Argentina, and Brazil. There are three important shoe groups, the Bizet with 24 stores; the Levy, 100, and Ehrlich, 500.

Four department stores have branches throughout the country; these are the Bon Marché with a chain of 8; the Magazins Modernes, 32; Nouvelles Galeries, 26; Société Paris-France, 74. Felix Potin, the grocer, has 56 stores, and also sells to 600 partially controlled dependents. The Docks Remois, groceries, has 1,000 branches and is the largest chain in France.

Two other grocery chains are the Entrepôts de Grenelle, 233 stores, and La Ruche Meridionale, 265 stores. There is a big coffee chain, two dairy chains, and two large chains of wines and spirits whose links carry to the farthest corners of the Republic.

As these figures indicate, for all the friendliness and "old-timeyness" of the Parisian *boutique*, which seems so rooted in neighborhood soil, France is already enmeshed in the chain store idea.

Keeping Up With the Johnsons.—Calabash was seated in his office when the phone rang.

"Hello, is this Mr. Calabash?" came the voice over the wire.

"Yes," replied Mr. Calabash. "Who is this?"

"This is Johnson, Johnson, Johnson & Johnson, lawyers."

"Oh, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning."—*Pathfinder*.

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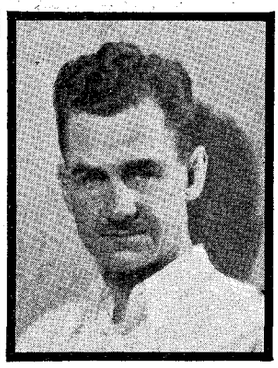

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KFAB	—Lincoln, Neb. (Ex. Tues.)	9:15 C.S. Time

The Story of the Summer

(*Continued from page 9*)

On July 24 the *Graf Zeppelin* started for its home port of Friedrichshafen on its 202d flight, a scientific cruise over the Arctic regions north of Russia and western Siberia. The big dirigible returned home in fine shape on July 31.

EARLY in the morning of July 28 two airplanes set off from a New York field and started across the Atlantic. The first to go by a few minutes was the *Cape Cod*, carrying Russell Boardman and John Polando. Flying through fog practically all the way, they landed on the 30th after a 49-hour flight at Istanbul, formerly Constantinople. They set a new non-stop distance record of more than 5,011 miles.

The second plane, the *Miss Veedol*, carried Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., who were trying to beat the Post-Gatty record. They flew safely across the Atlantic, but on their way across northern Europe and Siberia, making several stops, delays forced them to abandon this effort. Then they decided to go on to Japan and try for the $25,000 prize offered for a Tokyo-Seattle flight. But in Japan they ran afoul of the Japanese authorities, and were haled into court and fined for taking photographs without permission, and for flying over fortified territory.

An aviation tragedy of the summer was the very quietly planned flight of Parker Cramer, who turned up unexpectedly in Greenland on August 5, having set out from Detroit, and who continued on with stops in Iceland and the islands north of Scotland, but was never seen again after leaving the Shetlands on August 9.

A LEISURELY flight which the world watched with intense interest, was that of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. They left New York on July 29 in a new, specially constructed seaplane, making stops at North Haven (to see their baby and Mrs. Lindbergh's parents, the Dwight Morrows), and at various points in northern Canada, Alaska, and Siberia, traveling swiftly from point to point, and always waiting for favorable weather before each hop. They were forced down by motor trouble near the islands north of Japan, and were delayed several days. But Colonel Lindbergh made his own repairs, and went on to Japan, finally landing at the field near Tokyo on August 26.

The next day a still more leisurely flight was finished when the *Do-X* finally came down in New York harbor. This enormous twelve-engined German plane started to fly to America on the 5th of last November. Most of December and January was spent in Lisbon, the delay being partly due to a fire in one wing. At the end of January the great plane came on to New York by way of the Canaries (where it was again damaged and delayed for three months) the west coast of Africa, Cape Verde Islands, Brazil (with a six weeks' stay at Rio de Janeiro), Guiana, the West Indies, Florida, Charleston, and Norfolk.

Another aviation event of the summer was the christening of the gigantic American dirigible *Akron* at Akron, Ohio, on August 8.

Still another was the success in flying a glider over the English Channel in July.

SINCE the present economic disturbance is largely caused by overproduction, it is natural that the summer should have been marked by a number of efforts to take care of surpluses of one sort or another. What somebody called the "shredded wheat conference at London" early in the summer accomplished little, but called attention to the world-wide character of the surplus wheat problem. During the summer the United States Farm Board discust selling to Germany on long-term credit some of its surplus wheat and cotton, and also considered selling or giving wheat to famine-struck and flood-devastated China. At the very end of the summer the Board engineered an exchange of 25,000,000 bushels of our wheat for 1,050,000 bags of Brazil's surplus coffee.

Certain of our coal operators practically acknowledged that the coal problem was beyond them, when they suggested that the Government might well take over the coal-fields and regulate them as a public industry.

Oil producers being unable to get together and check the flow of oil which—especially in the rich east Texas fields—was driving the price to most unprofitable levels, Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma, stept in with the State militia to close the wells in his State until the price should come back to $1 a barrel. Later the Governor of Texas took similar action, declaring martial law in east Texas, and shutting down the wells pending action by the regular authorities under a new law just passed by the legislature.

WE have heard a lot about crime this summer—both theory and practise. The Wickersham Crime Commission finished up its work and went out of business, leaving a series of reports on the general subject of crime, which were fed out to newspapers at frequent intervals during the summer. One of the first reached the conclusion that politics, inefficiency, and carelessness are disastrously prevalent in the offices of local prosecuting officers throughout the United States.

Then came one telling about the cruel treatment of juvenile offenders in our prisons.

A report on criminal procedure condemned "incompetent, weak, or politics-ridden judges," suggested certain administrative changes, and, coming down

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to specific cases, cited the famous Mooney-Billings case in California, with the observation that "such a state of the law is shocking to one's sense of justice."

A report on our prison system condemned it as "antiquated and inefficient," and made seven recommendations for "humanization."

Still another report discust the "unholy alliance of crook, politician, and police."

One report criticized methods used in deporting undesirable aliens.

The biggest of all these reports was the 250,000 word disquisition on the causes of crime, which filled two large volumes. The final conclusion was that "it is impossible comprehensibly to discuss the cause of crime or the factors in non-observance of law." This brought again into the limelight Commissioner Henry W. Anderson (author of the Anderson Prohibition Plan), who refused to sign this report, and came out with a long statement of his own to prove that our greed and our city slums have been fostering crime, and that it would do a great deal of good to remove our slums and to make a real effort to discover what is wrong with our whole social and economic system.

A report on the cost of crime contained an estimate by the Commission that our total annual crime bill exceeds $1,119,000,000. And the last of all these reports to come through exonerated our foreign-born of the charge of major responsibility for crime in the United States.

Several notable criminals were brought to book during the summer. "Al" Capone, the Chicago gang leader, pleaded guilty on an understanding with the District Attorney that he would receive a light sentence. But Judge Wilkerson, in Chicago, refused to put his O. K. on this arrangement, and held Capone for trial in September. In New York State, "Legs" Diamond, who had been acquitted by an up-State jury, was convicted in New York and given a maximum jail sentence by a Federal judge from Kansas.

The legislature's committee investigating corruption in New York City, under the direction of Samuel Seabury, secured the dismissal of two New York magistrates. Later a special session of the legislature gave the committee power to grant immunity to witnesses, thus greatly strengthening its ability to secure valuable testimony. Governor Roosevelt's action in calling the special session was considered somewhat hostile to Tammany, a point which again called attention to his leading position among prospective candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Business remained dull in this country, and almost everywhere else.

Early in the summer the Government gave its blessing to the merger of the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company—a merger duly consummated later on. Recently we have heard of plans for a union of Standard of New Jersey and Standard of California.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been holding hearings all summer on the railroads' application for a 15 per cent. rate increase.

The transatlantic steamship lines made a drastic cut in summer fares.

The United States Steel Corporation was finally forced by low earnings to cut its dividend rate, and to lower the pay of salaried employees. Bethlehem Steel modified the bonus policy against which certain stockholders have been protesting for months. Banks failed in several localities, notably in Chicago and Toledo.

In the field of sport, there has been special interest in the defeat of W. L. "Young" Stribling by the German, Max Schmeling, clinching the latter's claim to the world's heavyweight championship, also in the successor to Bobby Jones as open golf champion of the United States, one William Burke (born Burkowski), Greenwich, Connecticut, professional. Our tennis youngsters were defeated in their search for the Davis Cup, the English players putting them out of the running before they had a chance to meet the French cup-holders. And a new tennis star looms in the shape of California's nineteen-year-old Ellsworth Vines.

The Philadelphia Athletics and St. Louis Cardinals have proceeded smoothly on their paths to the championships of their respective leagues. The Athletics' great "southpaw" pitcher, Robert Moses ("Lefty") Grove, made for himself an assured place among the great pitchers of all time. Up to August 23, when he was defeated by Coffman of the St. Louis Browns, he had scored 25 victories as against only two defeats, and by winning 16 straight games had equalled the records established by Joe Wood and Walter Johnson in 1912.

Among miscellaneous happenings that helped make the summer memorable was the ascent by an English party of the Himalayan Mt. Kamet, 25,447 feet high, on June 21—the highest mountain yet climbed by man. Early in July the first railroad to cross the continent of Africa, east to west, was completed and put in operation.

In Latin America, Chile threw off its dictator, Carlos Ibanez, while President Machado of Cuba suppress a serious revolt.

The greatest disaster of the summer came late in August, when record-breaking floods swept down several of the great river valleys of densely populated China. Some 250,000 people lost their lives when the Yangtze inundated the populous trio of cities: Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang. And a few days later the waters of the Grand Canal, nearer the sea, broke their banks, drowning about 200,000 people in and around the city of Yangchow.

Individuality and Clothes

By Margaret Story

Photo by FAB Studio, Costume sponsored by C. T. R. Lewis

The Blue Book of Personal Attire

A splendidly illustrated volume that makes it a real pleasure for every woman to greatly increase her skill and native ability to be truly well dressed—always in perfect taste.

The author, an authority, shows how a woman may judge the modes and styles of every season and adapt them to her particular self.

In no other volume have these subjects been so clearly expressed. Though some women seem to be born with a sense of harmony in dress, the author stoutly maintains that any woman may learn the simple fundamentals and apply them quite as skilfully as the expert. She gives her readers a sympathetic understanding of color, line, form, and texture and shows how they may be used to bring harmony to an entire wardrobe.

"Individuality and Clothes" is a complete guide that offers the greatest encouragement to every woman. It has an especially strong appeal to many because it shows that true style is less a matter of money than a matter of knowledge.

Mrs. Story has devoted considerable space to men's attire, starting with the infant and treating successively the schoolboy, youth and young manhood, the college man, business man, etc.

"Here is first aid for the bewildered woman who wants to express her personality in her clothes and so manage her attire as to bring out her good points and camouflage her poor ones."—*New York Times.*

"INDIVIDUALITY AND CLOTHES." By Margaret Story. Beautifully illustrated by Dale Adams, including two color charts. Cloth bound, 480 pages. $3.50, by mail $3.68. At all Bookstores.

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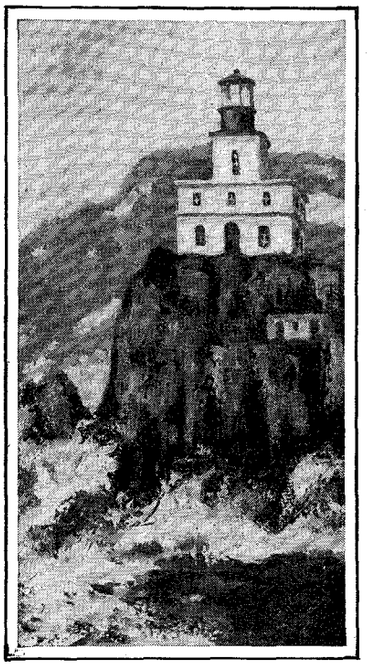

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Where Providence Takes a Back Seat.—Joan, five, out to tea, was puzzled when she saw the family bow their heads for grace.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Giving thanks for our daily bread," she was told. "Don't you give thanks at home, Joan?"

"No," said Joan, "we pay for our bread."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Four-Footed Deputy.—The chief constable of a small English town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night his telephone bell rang.

"Is Mr. Blank there?" said an agitated voice.

Mrs. Blank answered yes, and inquired: "Do you want my husband in his capacity of veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our new bulldog to open his mouth, and—there's a burglar in it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rarest Vintage.—A visitor had made an exhaustive tour of France, but a friend in Paris thought that as the crown of his whole experience he would take him to dine at Voisin's.

"Let's go to Voisin's," he said. "You'll get the most marvelous old Burgundy and Bordeaux wines."

"Well," the visitor answered, "I'll go to Voisin's, if you like, but don't talk to me about old Burgundy and Bordeaux. What I am looking for is a good reliable French bootlegger who can get me a drink of ice water."—*New York Times.*

Sun-Bath Philosopher.—

BEACH NOTES

One is never too old to burn.

Woman's place is in the foam.

The smaller the beach girl's costume the larger her coat of tan.

Sometimes a one-piece suit gives its wearer no peace from the camera fiends.

We haven't seen any knit bathing suits this season, but we have seen some that were almost nit.

A swarm of bees appeared at a beach resort recently. We understand that some of the bathers were so alarmed they ran into the water.—*Boston Transcript.*

Anyhow They Have Backbone.—

REVELATION

Something of chivalry he lacks
Who mentions girls behind their backs,
But they have always seemed to me
Compact of mist and mystery,
And I am grieved, at this late date,
To learn that they are vertebrate.

I miss the sight of pretty faces
At all the crowded bathing places,
For everywhere my eyes incline
On miles and miles of knobby spine.

Would it were in my power to see
Some beauty in bare vertebrae,
Instead of the absurdly solemn
Appearance of the spinal column—
Then I'd forego these ribald hoots
At vague, vestigial swimming suits.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Aha! a Clue.—Randall raised a face dark with sweat furniture and bedding.—*Master Detective Magazine.*

Have You a Little List?—When in need of a curse call 4-7026; best of references.—*Dallas Morning News.*

His Crowning Adventure.—Alfred Aloysius Horn, the celebrated "Trader Horn" of adventurous career, died in England at 328 years.—*New Orleans States.*

Battle of the Century.—The two divorce suits brought the martial grievances of Dempsey and Miss Taylor to a decisive point.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Needs Company.—I WILL not be responsible for any debts contracted only by myself. SID SPARKS.

—*Tacoma Daily Ledger.*

Strong Constitution.—Miss D——, who was presented at court in Buckingham Palace, was reported resting comfortably, and her convalescence is expected to be rapid.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

To Be Taken With a Grain of Salt.—The official deception committee declared that altho it was about the time the plane had planned to arrive there was no cause for anxiety.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

Swell Prizes.—Mary, Margaret and Martha D——, triplet daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. D——, of Rome, Ga., who were awarded diplomats together by the Rome High School.—*Atlanta American.*

Peachy Get-Up.—Miss J—— wore a peach-colored embroidered batiste trimmed with a blue velvet bow. Her peach-colored horsehair hair was trimmed with the same shade of blue.—*Madison (Wis.) State Journal.*

Would Fill a Gap.—

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE

Housekeeping—Wanted. Neat Protestant lady, reliable, good cook, for respectable gentleman or filling station.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Did She Fall on Him?—

FLORENCE MAN HURT
WHEN CAR OVERTURNS
MRS. LYDIA B. J——

—*Holyoke (Mass.) Daily Transcript Telegram.*

Prize Stowaway.—Kinston, N. C.—Oscar Dawson, airplane pilot, experienced considerable difficulty in the air with his plane. He landed and examined one of the wings which acted badly in the air. He found a large section of fabric loose and, on cutting the wing open, found a moose comfortably enthroned in a nest of threads ripped from the fabric.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

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